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{ From Beginning,
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LINES TO OUR NEW CENSOR.

[Mr. Oscar Wilde, having discovered that England is unworthy of him, has announced his resolve to become a naturalized Frenchman.]

AND wilt thou, Oscar, from us flee,
And must we, henceforth, wholly sever?
Shall thy laborious *jeux-d'esprit*
Sadden our lives no more forever?

And all thy future wilt thou link
With that brave land to which thou goest?
Unhappy France! we *used* to think
She touched, at Sedan, fortune's lowest.

And you're made French as easily
As you might change the clothes you're
wearing?
Fancy! — and 'tis so hard to be
A man of sense and modest bearing.

May fortitude beneath this blow
Fail not the gailant Gallic nation!
By past experience, well we know
Her genius for recuperation.

And as for us — to our disgrace,
Your stricture's truth must be conceded:
Would any but a stupid race
Have made the fuss about you *we* did?
Spectator. W. W.

HOME-SICKNESS.

If I should leave my home, and go away
To pass a year and day
'Mid other scenes, should I not early find
That I had left behind
A portion of my life's felicity
Which could not follow me?
And if, when the allotted time had passed,
I turned my steps at last
To enter at the old familiar door
Of kindly home once more,
Might I not learn that what my heart had
sought,
With back-returning thought,
Was missing still — in home's securest spot —
And I could find it not?
Might I not vainly wander to and fro,
Seeking again to know
That fond completeness of felicity
Which could not follow me?
Ah yes! — and if a longing soul in heaven
Free passport might be given
To come again, and tread earth's weary soil
With feet unused to toil —
To leave the converse of eternity,
And linger lovingly
O'er earth's poor haunts, the playground of
those years
Whose smiles were dimmed with tears,
So would it find that nothing here below
Was what it used to know, —
That all the peace which memory had cast
Around the cherished past,
All the familiar kindly home delight
Had vanished from it quite:

Soon would it spread its wings with sigh of
pain —

Too thankful to retain
The power of entering heaven's open door,
And leaving nevermore.
Let us not weep, then, though we lose the
light
That made this earth so bright —
Though all the single sunbeams, one by one,
Be gathered to the sun;
Assured that there, in fulness rich and free,
They will restored be,
And home, the dearest name that we can
know
On weary earth below,
Shall be a mother wholly reconciled
To each desponding child.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE LAST DESIRE.

WHEN the time comes for me to die,
To-morrow or some other day,
If God should bid me make reply,
"What would'st thou?" I shall say,
"O God, thy world was great and fair,
Yet give me to forget it clean,
Nor vex me more with things that were,
And things that might have been!

"I loved and toiled, throve ill or well —
Lived certain years and murmured not.
Now grant me in that land to dwell,
Where all things are forgot!

"For others, Lord, the purging fires,
The loves re-knit, the crown, the palm;
For me, the death of all desires
In everlasting calm."

Academy.

R.

TINTAGEL.

Low is laid Arthur's head,
Unknown earth above him mounded;
By him sleep his splendid knights,
With whose names the world resounded.
Ruined glories! flown delights!
Sunk 'mid rumors of old wars!
Where they revelled, deep they sleep,
By the wild Atlantic shores.

On Tintagel's fortified walls,
Proudly built, the loud sea scorning;
Pale the moving moonlight falls;
Through their rents the wind goes mourning.
See ye, knights, your ancient home,
Chafed, and spoiled, and fallen asunder?
Hear ye now, as then of old,
Waters rolled and wrathful foam,
Where the waves, beneath your graves,
Snow themselves abroad in thunder?

Academy.

LAURENCE BINYON.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE POPULAR SONGS OF FRANCE.*

La France—*danse*, says the old national proverb; and for herself she lays claim to be a singing nation too.

A tout venant
Je chantais, ne vous déplaïs

was the motto chosen by M. Julien Tiersot for his *Academy travail*, which took the Bordin prize in 1885, and has since been expanded by its author into an account as complete as modern knowledge can make it, of French popular song and melody, from the earliest period of French history to the present day. A more fascinating study can hardly be imagined. It touches all facts of public and private interest; it penetrates into the life of the people, their loves and hates, their religion, superstition, daily labor, customs and traditions of every kind. There is not a nation on earth in which all these things have not at one time or another found their way into story and song, and historians, as well as men of other sciences, have long found out with the folklorists that to know the genius of a people they must study it here, where it freely and unconsciously shows its true character. In Mr. Andrew Lang's opinion—if he still agrees with a paper he wrote some years ago on the "Folk-lore of France"—French songs and stories come out from this study in a less advantageous light than those of most other countries. He finds "a good deal of babbling gaiety, some trace of dreary superstition, much love of the spring and of the songs of birds, scattered memories of the oppression of the *ancien régime*, and now and again, an accent of deeper melancholy and weariness of labor . . . a somewhat sterile fancy, a certain vulgarity, a mordant humor, and a grain of incredulity."

All this does not sound satisfying, and also suggests that Mr. Lang's peasants have been studied since the Revolution; as a present picture of the peasants themselves, it is in some measure true. But very much greater discoveries in the land

of French song and story have been made in the last twelve years by earnest students who are forever working in the same field. There are not only the folklorists, studying by rule and by comparison, accomplished in their own and other sciences. There are also many minds, neither very studious nor scientific, which defy all the possible mistakes, the risks run by the uninitiated, and are irresistibly attracted by the charm of the subject. So the history and geography of stories, of songs, of popular music, becomes better known every day, the knowledge growing by degrees, helped on by different hands, till it displays itself in such a thorough-going book as this of M. Tiersot's—"Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France."

It is better to say at once that M. Tiersot does not treat the songs of his country from the point of view of a folklorist. He is not so much interested in what they teach him of the character and life of the people, their favorite doctrines and traditions, as in their own history and development, music and song together. There is little or no comparison, in the wider sense, to be found in his book; and this is, of course, one great element in the science of folk-lore; but the folklorists would be poorly off without such pioneers as this, to make a special and thorough study of each different country. Those students who have devoted themselves to the study of stories and songs to be found in the various provinces of France, or to be traced back to various events in past centuries, or of some special character, such as M. de la Villemarqué in Brittany, M. de Puymaigre in the Pays Messin, M. Leroux de Lincy, and others, have again been pioneers for such a book as this of M. Tiersot's, which, however, seems so full of original research that it cannot be said to owe its existence entirely to any former works on the subject. The local and provincial collections are many, all more or less valuable. This book, as far as we know, is the first, or at least the fullest general history and description, of the popular songs of France.

Far back in antiquity the history begins. Poetry and music come together to infant nations in the form of song. A higher

* Histoire de la Chanson Populaire en France, par Julien Tiersot. Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut. Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie. 1889.

civilization finds no difficulty in separating them, but to the popular mind, in all ages, they have been one. "C'est le ton qui fait la chanson." As the wind blows, so inspiration came to those early singers, not knowing themselves as poets or musicians, but only as the channel through which some absorbing interest or enthusiasm of the people, some battle-fury, or great sorrow, or even some event in daily life, made its way into rhythmical expression. And then these songs, air and words together, were handed down through centuries, varying with the customs of the people, dying almost and living again, often to die finally when civilization grew too strong, or, at any rate, to be torn asunder, the old air to be taken from its old words, and set to something more modern of spirit. It is through all this vicissitude of popular song in France that M. Tiersot's book leads us, beginning with Romans and Greeks in Gaul, and their influence, as well as that of the singing barbarians who followed them, upon the native lore and music of the Celtic people, and tracing developments and variations up to our own time, when we find without astonishment that "legends, stories, and popular songs of Celtic origin, preserved by oral tradition alone, still form, if not the largest, certainly the most characteristic part of our peasants' *répertoire*."

Such a subject, to be carefully studied, needs a large book, and it is a large book that M. Tiersot has written. He has done very well in dividing it into three parts. The first of these — by far the most generally interesting — takes popular song on what we may call its literary, its poetical side, though not attempting the almost impossible division between words and music; and gives twelve chapters to the study of its many different aspects — narrative songs, epic, legendary, historical — satirical songs, love songs, dances, lullabies, *fête* songs, labor songs, *cantiques* and carols, religious, military and national songs. The second part takes the technically musical side, studying the form and rhythm of popular melody, with its origins and its many transformations. The third part, still musical and scientific, determines the part played by popu-

lar melody in the growth of modern music from the earliest days to our own. All this latter part of the book is too purely technical to be of much interest, except to musicians — they will no doubt find it valuable — but the earlier chapters are both instructive and delightful, and few of those who care for such matters, and into whose hands the book is not very likely to fall, will think me tiresome if I try to give some idea, following M. Tiersot's lead, of the varying history and character of popular song in France.

People would naturally think that the old narrative songs, composed by bards, words and music handed down through generations, might be an exceedingly valuable help in the study of history. This, however, is not the case, for the popular imagination seldom troubled itself to keep to facts, at any rate, to the greater kind of facts. Singing of their heroes, they were soon carried away into the land of legend and tradition. The old heroic battle songs, the epic songs, such as the "*Chanson de Roland*," gradually passed from the possession and use of the people into that of poets or clergy, turning themselves into poems, into rhyming chronicles, serving as models for the religious *cantilènes* in which, as early as the ninth century, the glories of Christ and the saints are celebrated.

While the Church, wisely taking an idea from human life, was thus laying the foundation of the great religious side of popular poetry — for these *cantilènes* and *complaintes*, many of them handed down, some by oral tradition only, to the present day, were not composed in Latin, but in the language of the people — the early epic songs had been succeeded in popularity by the *chansons de geste*, in which heroic tradition, religious history, legend and fancy, were carried about into castle and market-place by the *jongleur*. This wandering minstrel of the Middle Ages was a very real and important person. Welcome everywhere, the twang of his instrument was sure to gather an eager crowd. He had legends and heroic stories for knights and ladies and citizens; sometimes he sang in more solemn style at the church door, these very *complaintes* that

some poetical clerk had made to catch the ears of the people. These ears are easily caught, as the modern successor of the *jongleur* knows. Not that he attempts to find his way into château or large town, but in fairs and country villages he has his audience still; he twangs his fiddle and sings of crime or romance, or even of Bible history and saintly legend. Some of his songs are old; his own imagination does not go so far back, any more than that of his hearers. M. Tiersot gives us a specimen: a song on the Passion, handed down to this day in French Flanders, of which music and verse belong to the type of the oldest liturgical hymns:—

A-coutez à c'que j'vas vous dire,
C'né nié nouviau, c'né nié pou'rrire,
D'not' Seigneur Jésus c'est l'martyre.

The early French songs, of course, were the origin of all French poetry. A great tree grew up slowly, and was trained in all manner of mechanical ways; but a few wild branches escaped, and struggled up in their own fashion, without any of the fine pruning and cultivation bestowed by courts, poets, and academicians. These neglected offshoots—which have grown, however, even more directly than their tamed and trained brethren from the great old root of poetry—are the popular songs of France. “Cette chanson . . . humble, très simple, un peu sauvage, . . . se cache au fond de nos provinces.” The study of the first beginnings is a little confusing; but once entered into the wood, the paths become clearer, and we gradually find our way through this fantastic country, where religion and legend, history, tradition, daily life and fairyland, are all to be found together in a strange atmosphere of mingled light and shadow.

Among the treasures here, the most remarkable, and in some ways the most valuable, are those romantic legends in the form of song of which “La Péronelle,” “La Chanson de Renaud,” “Germine” and others, are well-known specimens. Song-collectors of earlier centuries than ours despised these old romances. It seems that “La Péronelle” was the only one that found its way into those song-books which were full of a livelier kind of verse and music. But “Renaud,” a

classic among popular songs, has for many centuries held a place in the hearts of the people, making it quite independent of any other way of preservation. Words and music are equally simple and fine.

Que l'on me fass' vite un lit blanc,
Pour que je m'y couche dedans.

Et quand ce vint sur le minuit,
Le beau Renaud rendit l'esprit.

Renaud, Renaud, mon réconfort,
Te voilà donc au rang des morts.

This is a song to rejoice the folk-lorists, for learned men have traced it back to Celtic times, and variants of it are to be found, not only in the different provinces of France, but in nearly all the countries of Europe. It has been degraded, according to Mr. Lang, having originally been the legend of a king, “Le Roi Renaud,”—in Brittany the Seigneur Nann—who meets a fairy in the woods, and comes home dying. Here it touches one of the oldest of superstitions. Now the hero is generally a wounded soldier. Rossetti's “John of Tours” is a translation of one of the variants.

“Germine,” under many names, is the story of the knight who goes off to war, leaving his wife in the care of his mother or brother, who treat her ill in every way till he comes back after seven years. This again is one of the oldest types of narrative folk-song, and traces of it are to be found in the earliest civilization, and in nearly all countries. In the French provinces it bears a variety of names.

It would be impossible here even to give a rough list of the many old romantic stories thus preserved in French popular song. The subjects are most of them familiar to any one who has studied legends and romances at all. They are always sad, generally tragical. The maiden, imprisoned by a cruel father, dies for love; or else she goes through frightful dangers, and at last finds safety by killing herself; or she is changed into a bird; or, after being seven years buried, she rises out of her grave at her mother's call. Then the cruel stepmother, of course, has a cycle of her own. The dead mother comes back to help and comfort her children. But, on the whole, the

supernatural dies slowly out of these songs; and the ordinary tragedy of everyday life, quite as striking, appealing even more strongly to the hearts of the people, finds its expression in songs of a poor girl murdering her child, or in the deeply touching complaint of "Le Déserteur."

Là-bas dans le vallon
J'ai tué mon capitaine.

Here — for there is nothing new under the sun — we seem to see a forerunner of Sir Alfred Lyall's pathetic poem "Amor in Extremis."

Some of the saddest and most solemn of these songs, and those which have the most of the supernatural and fantastic element, appear to belong either to the north parts of France bordering on Germany, or to Brittany, with all its Celtic survivals. The real, genuine French spirit, as M. Tiersot points out more fully later on, takes a realistic turn.

The melody of these old narrative songs — M. Tiersot will not have us call them ballads but complaintes — seems to be both monotonous and musical, and generally of a religious character. Some approach a dancing measure, but the best and most original type belongs to the Breton *guerz*, which more than all preserve their ancient character. In the Basque country too, and in the mountains of the Lozère, the song-music is very melodious. In Provence, strangely enough, with her beautiful language, the complaintes are more chanted than sung, though she holds her own, as one would imagine, in love-songs, dances, and carols. But the largest collections of fine old melodies is to be found, it seems, in French Flanders, to the candid astonishment of the student, who cannot repress a shiver at finding himself in this "pays froid et brumeux, à la langue dure, d'origine germanique." It is not so surprising when we consider how much supernatural beauty, solemnity, romance, how much fancy and imagination, even by M. Tiersot's own showing, have found their way into France by that same gate of the north.

The historical value of popular narrative songs is a question which comes up again and again in the study of this subject. The latest criticism, as we have already seen, has come to regard it as very small. No doubt many of these songs had their origin in some true event, the story of some hero or heroine, battle or crime, which spread itself over a country-side, and formed a subject for the village poet

or *improvisateur*. Local events, even now, which take the popular fancy, are to be heard sung about the streets, or in a farmhouse kitchen, as old Ambroise at Mirèio's home sings of the naval hero of Provence, the Bailli de Suffren, and his fights at sea. But truth and history belong to these songs merely as suggestion; any reality they have is soon lost, soon hidden in mists of legend. "With very rare exceptions," says M. Tiersot, "we may say that popular tradition has not preserved any recollection of our national history." He quotes M. Renan: "Les célébrités du peuple sont rarement celles de l'histoire." It is after all such a hero as the Master Thief, or such a typical example of sin and remorse as the Breton "Guillaume Comte de Poitou," a personage not to be found at all in history, but dreamed and thought out perhaps, as M. Souvestre suggests, by some sickly young *kloarek* on winter evenings, to the whirling of his mother's wheel; his imagination rejoicing in forbidden flights, till a distant church bell, or holy words muttered by his sister, bring him back to a shrinking horror of his own thoughts, and his hero to repentance. Such a story as this, for instance, probably first inspired by country talk of the evil deeds of some *seigneur*, is a real work of popular imagination; and this is the nature of nearly all popular tradition; it becomes more or less legend. Joan of Arc, M. Tiersot assures us, has left no mark at all on French peasant song, though some writers have imagined that they found her there. A song called "La Marquise" tells the story of a king's favorite, poisoned by her rival. Commentators have struggled in vain to fix on the exact king and the exact lady; on this subject, each province would have a different idea for its own version, if any idea at all. Some dark shadow of a story, making its way from Paris at some unknown time, found form and name and music in various imaginations; but this cannot be called history, hardly even tradition. To show the disappointments that may be met with in this sort of study, M. Tiersot tells us that the commentators placed much value on a song or chant called "Altabiscar," which had been discovered in the Basque country, near Roncevaux, and was supposed to belong to the same cycle as the "Chanson de Roland." The most recent researches prove that this song was composed in Paris, in the year 1834, in French, and afterwards translated into Basque prose, and that only two couplets, they of the most meaningless.

have ever been popularly sung in the Basque country, to the slow and monotonous plain-song which gave the effect of "musique des peuples primitifs."

All this interesting part of M. Tiersot's study deserves much more time and space than I can give it now. To me it seems that the absence of any historical truth in the narrative songs of the peasants only makes them more interesting. We find ourselves in a country of pure imagination, among specimens, many and rich, of real creative power. In these popular legends the free and original ideas of the people have found an expression worthy of them, simple, deep, lively, harmonious, often strong, both in passion and in moral feeling. The prevailing tone, especially in Brittany and the north, is one of sadness, and here, too, is the highest imaginative power; but song itself, in its popular character, spreads over all the provinces.

It is easy, however, to understand that these romantic and legendary songs are not altogether the most characteristic expression of the real, essential French spirit, the *esprit gaulois*, which inspired such poets as Villon and Marot, and by way of Molière and La Fontaine arrived at Voltaire and his many successors. Popular song as a whole may, indeed, as M. Tiersot says, be dying; but its lighter variety, that of "*chansons anecdotiques et satiriques*," to which he gives a chapter, will long survive the sombre and tragical complaint. "Vive, alerte, légère — parfois plus que légère," this style of popular song is likely to last as long as the nation whose prevailing temper it expresses so vividly. In early days, in the time of Charlemagne, and later, such songs as these sometimes mingled, to the great indignation of churchmen, with the chanting of religious processions, and were even to be heard in the churches. There is something curiously heathen in the idea of men and women dancing before the tombs of saints, and singing what the Bishop of Arles described as "*chants diaboliques*." This popular melody and its use was in fact too strong for the Church, and she had recourse again to her old wise ways, learnt in conflict with real heathenism; she took the popular tunes and adapted them to the words of her services. Thus many of the profane airs of the Middle Ages were preserved and handed down in old mass-books, dating from as late as the fourteenth century.

But many specimens still exist of this kind of song in its native state, a pleasant

little lyric with music of its own. Love, of course — of a certain kind — is the prevailing, inexhaustible subject — "*l'amour le plus fantaisiste, le plus imaginaire, le plus chimérique, nullement passionné, mais assurément le plus coquet du monde*." They have this in common with the romantic and legendary songs, that they tell their story; but the tone and style are as different as a light comedy from a solemn tragedy. Sometimes there is a charming grace and prettiness, as in the "*Reine d'Avril*," the "*Trois Princesses*," or the "*Trois Tambours*."

The first of these, eight hundred years old, is in the *patois* of Poitou, and can hardly be appreciated apart from its own light and dancing music; the second has often been quoted; the third may be given here as a specimen of its kind: —

Trois jeunes tambours, s'en revenant de guerre (*bis*).
Et ri et ran, ran pe-ta-plan — s'en revenant de guerre.
Le plus jeune a — dans sa bouche une rose.
Et ri et ran, etc.
La fille du roi — était à sa fenêtre.
— Joli tambour — donne-moi va ta rose.
— Fille du roi — donne-moi va ton cœur.
— Joli tambour — demand le à mon père,
— Sire le roi — donnez-moi votre fille.
— Joli tambour — tu n'es pas assez riche.
— J'ai trois vaisseaux — dessus la mer jolie;
L'un chargé d'or — l'autre d'argenterie;
Et le troisième — pour promener mamie.
— Joli tambour — tu auras donc ma fille.
— Sire le roi — je vous en remercie;
Dans mon pays — y en a de plus jolies.

But, as a rule, the stories are more amusing than edifying, and the adventures of a Boccaccio sort. Soldiers, monks, nuns, curés, have whole cycles of their own; the adventures of millers especially, and of shepherdesses, are very popular. In the more fanciful and fantastic songs the animals have a large part; here La Fontaine's fables cast their shadows before, for we find ourselves in those good old times

ou les bêtes parlaient,
... Ou les hommes savaient se taire.

Like certain styles of the complainte, only in a different tone, these songs take up events of daily life, and are capable of being as realistic as any modern novel. Domestic quarrels, miseries of married life here find their sufficiently mocking chronicle. "Marion," a song of this kind well known in the south, is quoted by M. Daudet in "Numa Roumestan." Georges

Dandin, says M. Tiersot, existed long before Molière, and we meet over and over again with the complaints of an ill-used husband. All the *esprit gaulois* comes out in making him grotesque and ridiculous. A whole class of songs, again, belongs to *la Maumariée*. This name itself has come down from the Middle Ages; and so general appears to be the popular sympathy with unhappy wives — no mockery in the French mind, we may observe, for *them* — that it is almost impossible to count the number and variety of *maumariées* to be found in collections both ancient and modern. For instance, from thirty-five to fifty, gathered from most of the provinces of France, are to be found in M. Rolland's collection alone. One of the specimens of which M. Tiersot gives music and words, may supply some idea of the character of all, a kind of satirical melancholy, not lightened by being set to a lively air: —

Mon père m'y a mariée,
J'entends le moulin taqueter.
A un vieillard il m'a donnée,
Hélas! mon Dieu, est-ce ce qu'il me faut?
J'entends le moulin tique tique taque,
J'entends le moulin taqueter.

Even this type of song has a touch of real pathos now and then, but more often the tone is of a bitter hardness, and the nearer the songs come to real life, the more thinly the veil of mockery and satire hides its real misery.

But it must not be thought that sentiment, in its true sense, has no place in the songs of France, apart from the often touching legends of Brittany and the north. Love, in its higher and real meaning, is hardly to be found among the songs we have been describing. It reigns, however, in a world of its own, with all those poetic impressions which exist at the heart of a people long before they find their way into words. The love-songs of France may be traced back to the time of the Crusaders and chivalry, when the influence of women began to be felt in society, and they were no longer treated as inferior beings, but set up on a pedestal to be worshipped. The *troubadours* and *trouvères*, singing from one end of France to the other, mingled with this new *culte* all the beauty and romance of nature, all the love of spring, the delight in trees and flowers and nightingales, the rapture of sunset and sunrise, the music of running water. Thus the eleventh century seemed to bring a new world into being, but it was only that men learned to see, and that feelings which had always existed found

their way into words and melody. Songs as old as this still exist and are popular, and by adding an accompaniment to the old simple airs, M. Tiersot justifies his claim for them to be placed higher in the scale of art than their more modern successors. In this old world of sentimental song the most remarkable cycle is that of the pastorals. One is at first apt to connect this name with all manner of unreality, and to see the shepherds and shepherdesses in court dress, or at least from a courtly point of view. And truly, the pastoral songs and poems which owed their existence to troubadours and trouvères did at last find their way to town and court, and the original "Robin et Marion," itself popular in the right sense even to this day, was the forerunner of "Tircis," "Aminte," "Philis," "Lisidas" — all the dancing throng with ribbons and crooks which made M. Jourdain ask, "Pourquoi toujours ces bergers?" These mock pastorals, as everybody knows, are a study in themselves. They have not interfered with the old peasant pastorals, any more than the ordinary popular love-songs of the Middle Ages have disappeared because so many of them, losing their way, strayed also into the artificial air of courts, and thus lost too their own special character. Yet they have lived a double life, like other songs, and linger on in their old forms among their old companions in the peasant world to which they really belong, and of which, on its sentimental side — which exists in spite of the *esprit gaulois* — they give a true picture. Speaking of the popular type of love-song, M. Tiersot says: —

A elle seule, elle pourrait fournir les éléments de toute une psychologie populaire; par elle sont fixées les impressions insaisissables et fugitives des paysans, gens peu habitués à s'étudier eux-mêmes; miroir fidèle des sentiments du peuple, elle en représente l'expression souvent la plus juste, toujours la plus poétique et la plus charmante.

Not that the national mockery is absent, even from songs like these. The realistic, satiric spirit shows itself in an ideal of happiness with which eating and drinking, for instance, are very much mixed up.

Berger, mon doux berger,
Qu'aurons-nous à manger?
. . . Un pâté d'alouettes, etc.

In a Savoyard song of the fifteenth century, the lover is very indignant at being asked to dine on a piece of salt beef.

Brutality and coarseness, as well as realism, find their way into a good many

of these songs; and, indeed, any power of understanding the life and mind of the peasants of any country makes the discovery of a real vein of refinement the wonderful thing. This also exists; M. Tiersot, with his clear and distinguishing touch, shows us a whole series of songs which he calls by a general name: "la Chanson des Regrets." Several of the songs he quotes here were discovered by himself in the Bresse country. This one, for instance, which has the ring of "Ye banks and braes;" the same idea has inspired it:—

Que veux-tu que je te donne?
Je t'ai déjà trop donné;
Je t'ai donné une rose,
La plus belle de mes roses
Que j'avais sur mon rosier.

In another, the forsaken maiden waters the meadows with her tears; so many has she shed, indeed, that three mills have been set going by the stream.

J'ai tant pleuré, versé de larmes,
Que les prés en sont arrosés;
J'ai tant pleuré, versé de larmes,
Que trois moulins march't à grand train.

It is not only the songs of regret that have this real poetic inspiration. Many instances of the happier kind of love-song are in the same way free from mockery, satire, and coarseness. There is very little variety of ideas, it is true, in the world of these popular poets; their well-worn subject has not much more than its well-worn accessories of flowers, clouds, birds, in their relations with the singer's love. M. Tiersot does not claim for these songs the beauty of form and thought, the "charming subtleties," which belong to more romantic countries; but he does claim "un accent parfois très profond de sincérité qui leur fait trouver l'expression juste, touchante, celle qui va au cœur."

He cannot better prove all that he has said than by quoting one of the most generally known of French popular love-songs, familiar to him from childhood in Bresse and Franche-Comté, the first line of which is "En revenant de noces." Tired with her walk, the maiden sits down by the clear water of a spring, bathes herself, and listens to the nightingale, singing above on the highest branch of the oak-tree.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qu'as le cœur tant gai.

Pour moi, je ne l'ai guère,
Mon amant m'a quittée;

Pour un bouton de rose
Que trop tôt j'ai donné.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier:

Et que le rosier même
Fût encore à planter;

Et que mon ami Pierre
Fût encore à m'aimer.

The music is soft and slow, and each couplet has its refrain:—

Tra la la la lère, tra la lère la de ri ra.

M. Tiersot does not let us forget that with all these popular songs, the music, the melody, equally popular, is of as much or more importance than the words. He carries this study to great length, as I have said, in the latter part of his book, but here, at the end of his chapter on love-songs, he points out that the melodies belonging to them are superior to any others, and of these he makes a kind of geographical study, reminding us, in the true French critical method, that their inspiration comes not merely from the individual popular singer, but from the *milieu* in which he lives, by which he himself has been made what he is. Certainly, even a slight study of this kind gives an idea of the infinite variety of these songs and melodies, spreading as they do over the whole soil of France.

It seems that French Flanders, so great in ancient music, a treasure-house, in fact, of those fine old melodies which were the foundation of so much modern music, has nothing to show in the way of these lighter airs and love-songs in which the rest of France is rich. A few songs still linger in the towns, as they do in Belgium, but the peasantry have lost them; and thus even those which remain have lost their popular character. Picardy, too, the old special home of the trouvères—a musical centre in the days of Charlemagne, with its great singing Abbey of Corbie, celebrated throughout France—song and melody, for some unknown reason, have deserted Picardy; the peasant drives his cart in silence. The only popular song to be found there now is of the *grivois* type, a manifestation of the French spirit more to be avoided than sought after. In Normandy, on the contrary, love-songs and their melodies are plentiful, but they are ugly, coarse, and matter-of-fact. "En vérité, la Normandie manque d'idéal."

But in Brittany we come upon quite another state of things. We might be separated by an ocean from other parts of France, so strangely, as M. Tiersot

points out, does the Breton atmosphere strengthen and purify both the music and the words of popular song. A flippant tune, crossing the border, finds itself transformed into something heroic. With a ringing, sometimes harsh *refrain*, with strange sonorous cadences breaking in on its monotony, it becomes the Breton *soun*, curiously bitter sometimes, and always melancholy, with a power of touching hearts seldom to be found in the melody of the provinces. Going on into these, Poitou, Saintonge, etc., the Breton peculiarities are immediately lost. In most of them there is a great sameness of melody, if not of words. M. Tiersot lays it down as a principle, and it is a theory of much interest, that popular melody has a distinctive character of its own only in those provinces that possess a primitive language of their own, different from French. These are anciently Flanders, always Brittany, the Basque country, Alsace, and in a certain degree Béarn and Provence. In other provinces the popular tunes have grown up from a common foundation, and the shades of difference between them are hardly worth distinguishing.

The music that is born among mountains seems to have a singular beauty of its own. As a type of the love-songs of Auvergne, we are directed to the melody of Châteaubriand's lovely romance, "Com-bien j'ai douce souvenance," which has indeed a dreamy, calm, exalted sweetness that reminds us of the Alps or the Cévennes. The greater warmth and life, as it seems, of the songs of the south is owing more to its sonorous language than to any superiority in melody; but again in the Pyrenees the mountain sweetness, with even a greater refinement, shows itself, and the music of the words is added to the tender and charming beauty of the tune. As to the Basque country, the chief feature of its melodies is their extreme liveliness, and the variety of treatment which gives them a more civilized air among popular songs generally. Provence, with her life of open air and sunshine, "bruyante et gaie," possesses no love-songs but *aubados* and *sere-nados*, and for these she has little or no original melody. To her lazy-minded, bright-witted singers, imagination is easier than memory; they improvise the words of their songs to some bald old tune, or to some old air of a *vaudeville*. In Provence, it seems, the student can only find one love-song of which the air is an original Provençal melody. This is "Magali," universally popular, and preserved by Mistral in "Mirèio."

A province very rich in melody is La Bresse; and from its many love-songs most of the specimens given in this book have been chosen. Here M. Tiersot finds a truer and more intense musical feeling, a stronger love of the soil, a more sincere devotion to the beauty of nature, especially of spring, than in any other part of France. The love-songs of La Bresse seem to have a special inspiration of their own. But, though his affection for this province dates from his own infancy, the student has perhaps a yet deeper feeling for Alsace, where he ends his pilgrimage in search of melody. Many of her songs are German, or of German origin; but she has French songs too; we may hear the shepherds singing among green pastures and fir woods, in the silence of the Vosges, a mountain love-song, calm, sweet, dreamy, well known there—"envoyant vers la terre de France les notes lentes de leur mélancolique chanson."

Là bas sur la montagne,
J'ai z'entendu pleurer !
Ah ! c'est la voix de ma compagne,
Je m'en irai la consoler.

It must never be forgotten that "la France — danse !" That part of this very large subject which belongs to the dance tunes and songs of France, and at which we arrive after our late excursion through the provinces, requires at least a whole book to itself. M. Tiersot's sketch is short enough, but even it can scarcely be fully noticed in the limits of an article. This is not so necessary, as the whole subject of dances in their history and provincial variations has been by no means thoroughly studied yet in France, and most of the ancient collections, such as the "Or-chésographie" of Jean Tabourot, Canon of Langres, seem to cause more confusion than clearness, at present, in the minds of students. The same may be said of the list of one hundred and eighty dances given by Rabelais, as danced at the *fête* in the kingdom of Lanternois. The study is made more difficult by the fact that songs and airs of another character were constantly adapted by the musicians — they do it still in all the provinces — to a dancing measure, so that the real old dances are not always easy to distinguish. At the same time, the provinces are rich in these. Brittany holds her place, as in other music, though many of her *gavottes* et *jabadados* are unknown beyond her own border. The Basque country has its *zortzico*, accompanied by voices and instruments. In Provence, the *farandole* is

danced to old tunes on the flute and tambourine, the oldest tunes being the best and the most spirited; and of all French dances, these of Provence are the heartiest and most original. Auvergne and the surrounding provinces have their *bouffée*, with a melody entirely its own, of which there are two varieties, the *montagnarde*, always danced in valse time, and the *bouffée* proper. Marguerite de Valois is said to have introduced this dance at the French court, where for a long time it was popular. The other provinces have nothing very distinctive; there are certain old dances found everywhere, "la *courante*, le *rigaudon*, la *contredanse*, et surtout le *branle*." Three centuries ago this was the most popular of dances; this and the *ronde*, in some ways very like it, shared most of France between them. There were many different *branles*, with small varieties. All were danced in a ring; but sometimes the dancers clapped their hands, sometimes they stamped their feet, or marked the time in some other way, according to the air that was played to them.

The chief difference between this dance and the *ronde* was that this was sometimes danced to instruments only, the other always to singing. In some ways the *ronde* was the most interesting and characteristic of dances. To it belong the dance songs, for it was quite independent of instruments, the dancers singing all the time and being their own orchestra. The words were not often very poetical; rhythm was of course the great necessity, and the song depended on its refrain, which might be either a repetition of a line or two or what M. Champfleury calls *refrains par onomatopées*. Wasted labor, one cannot help thinking, for those linguists who try to find a meaning for such refrains as "Rioup ioup ioup patati patata," or "Ricoco la hi tra la la." On the other hand, a great many *rondes* with their refrains are very musical and graceful, though perhaps without much meaning. As M. Tiersot says truly, in giving us many specimens of these, the impression, at least, is of charming poetry.

For instance:—

Ah! dansons la laderirette,
Ah! dansons la laderira.

Or

C'est l'vent, c'est le vent frivoltant . . .
C'est l'vent qui vole, qui frivole,
C'est l'vent, c'est le vent frivoltant.

Or the well-known *ronde* of the children,
"Nous n'irons plus au bois."

Mais les lauriers du bois — les lairons-nous
faner?

Non: chacun à son tour — ira les ramasser.
Si la cigale y dort, — ne faut pas la blesser.
Le chant du rossignol — la viendra réveiller;
Et aussi la fauvette — avec son doux gosier,
Et Jeanne la bergère — avec son blanc panier,
Allant cueillir la fraise — et la fleur d'églantier.

Cigale, ma cigale — allons, il faut chanter;
Car les lauriers du bois — sont déjà repoussés.

Sometimes the most every-day events find their way into these *rondes*, and appear there quaintly; sometimes religion has a part, as in the curious *ronde* sung even in this century by young girls in Flanders, after a funeral.

Dans le ciel il y a une danse,
Alleluia!

Là dansent toutes les jeunes vierges,
Benedicamus Domino,
Alleluia, Alleluia.

C'est pour Amélie,
Alleluia, etc.

These *rondes* have a strong family likeness with the *berceuses*, which follow them. From the children's *rondes*, a study in themselves, such as "Sur le pont d'Avignon," or "Nous n'irons plus au bois," or "Les Marionnettes," sung and danced by French children for five hundred years, it is a short step to the monotonous music of the lullabies, whose chief virtues are their few notes, their regular swing, their gentle, sleepy refrains that mean nothing particular. It does not seem at first that there can be much variety in these cradle songs, or much interest in their history. But in truth they have a world of their own, of birds, animals, trees, and flowers; they vary, like other songs, from one province to another; the most curious survivals of old customs and old religion can be traced in their more ancient types, such as "La Randonnée," a song of numbers and degrees, of the nature of "the house that Jack built."

Depans le bois } *bis*.
Savez-vous qu'il y a?

Il y a un arbre,
Le plus beau des arbres,
L'arbre est dans le bois.

Refrain. Oh! oh! oh! le bois, } *bis*.
Le plus joli de tous les bois.

The tree is in the wood, there is a branch
on the tree, a nest on the branch, an egg
in the nest, a bird in the egg, a feather on
the bird. And then

Sur cette plume } *bis*.
Savez-vous ce qu'il y a?

Il y a un' fille,
 La plus bell' des filles.
 La fill' sur la plume,
 La plum' sur l' oiseau,
 L'oiseau dedans l'œuf,
 L'œuf dedans le nid,
 Le nid sur la branche,
 La branche sur l'arbre,
 L'arbre dans le bois.
 Oh! oh! oh! le bois,
 Le plus joli de tous les bois!

In one of the oldest of these, a Breton song, M. de Villemarqué found traces of Druid worship. Then the words, *néné, nono, nenna, som-som*, to be found in the lullabies of all the southern provinces, and of Auvergne, are claimed by antiquaries as pagan invocations to sleep.

Néné, petite;
 Sainte Marguerite,
 Endormez-moi mon enfant,
 Jusqu' à l'âge de quinze ans.

In fact, the berceuses, simple as they seem, may very likely have a longer pedigree than any other kind of popular song. Sleep is as old as love or death, older than dancing or story-telling, though perhaps not older than the daily work which must first have made it precious. Here, too, song comes in, to lighten labor and help tired limbs.

"Le rythme est une force," says M. Tiersot at the beginning of his chapter on the *chansons de métiers*. As a general rule, these songs of trade and labor are songs of action, strongly marked in time and tune. The exceptions are the songs of trade companies and corporations, which have nothing to do with the work itself, but are sung to its glory, and such old travelling songs as that to which the 'prentices used to make the tour of France:

Partons, chers compagnons,
 Le devoir nous l'ordonne.

In old times, no doubt, every corporation had its own song. They are almost extinct, and do not even linger on in popular tradition. Possibly the reason is that trade, more than daily labor, much more than the daily round of life, has changed its character; besides that these songs never can have been popular in the sense of many others we have studied. Some of the most curious among the *chansons de métiers* are the Cries of Paris, which from the earliest times were musical, and may well be called popular, belonging entirely to the people, and handed down among them. But they are a study in themselves, into which we will not enter even so far as M. Tiersot does.

The real working songs, words, music, action, all part of the work, were not always or by any means exclusively used by the workers. A collection called "*La Caribarye des Artisans*," published in the time of Louis XIV., contained every kind of song but *chansons de métiers*. The rhythm of many of these, no doubt, helped the work to go on, and that the words were light, amusing, or warlike, mattered little to the workman. The lighter the better, in fact, according to the story which M. Champfleury tells of a locksmith who was reproached by his curé for singing profane songs. When he sang Psalms, he said, his tools went to sleep — "*au lieu qu'en fredonnant ces couplets si gais — jugez-en vous même* —" The lace-makers of Flanders, to this day, count their stitches and pins by some monotonous old song, which has nothing to do with lace-making; and there are certain songs, all over France, which tradition has consecrated to be sung at certain work, without any real connection between the work and the song. Some of the *maumariées* are used in this way. One, "*Le Petit Mari*," with a long refrain, is sung by the women of La Bresse to their spinning-wheels. This song is nothing more nor less than "I had a little husband no bigger than my thumb." The refrain,

Je cous, je teille, je coupe du fil, etc.

seems to have grown to it in the course of centuries.

Normandy has special songs for fruit-gathering and harvest; the mulberry-trees of the Cévennes have a slow chant of their own; in Provence the young girls sing *révélés*, to call each other to the gathering of olives or grapes. But one vintage song, "*Plantons la vigne*," is traditional in almost all the vine-bearing provinces of France. Only the *vignerons* of the Berry have chosen to replace it with a song of their own, much less appropriate, being one more version of the *maumariée*, with a special refrain.

True old pastorals, slow and dreamy, are sung by the shepherds on the mountains. In Poitou they have what is called a *huchage*, a sort of monotonous, half-meaningless cry, without melody or even cadence, used by the shepherdesses to call their dogs or their sheep. It raises a vision of a little old shepherdess, her distaff in her hand, her scanty grey locks covered with a close white cap, her short petticoat showing bare legs and bare feet in *sabots*, her shrewd face brown and thin with long exposure. She cries in her patois *aux*

bêtes; such a song as this might have been made for her.

Quand la bergère s'en va-t-aux champs,
Sa quenouillet' s'en va filant.

Elle va — elle vient,
Elle appelle son chien :
Tiens, taupin, tiens !
Tiens ! tiens ! tiens ! taupin !
Tiens
Du pain !

Thus we come gradually nearer to the most real and most striking of the songs of labor — what the peasants call *chansons à grand vent* — such as are sung to the oxen as they plough. These songs, of course, as modern farming advances, are dying out and disappearing every day. Soon, with all their picturesque sadness, love of the soil mixed with bitter complaint, fineness of melody, supposed sacredness of origin, traditional pride — every good laborer must be able to sing to his oxen, and thus to drive them better thap with a goad — soon these songs, their refrains full of old names of oxen,

Arondâ, Virondâ,
Charbonné, Maréchaô,
Motet et Roget,
Mortagne et Chollet,

will be only found in collections, or in the wonderful descriptions of a writer like George Sand.

A longer life, perhaps, lies before that cycle of working songs whose cadence is actually a motive power, so that swing of song and movement of body belong to each other, and hardly exist apart. Such songs as these are among the most ancient of all. The boatmen and water-carriers of old Egypt, the corn-grinders of Greece, sang these measured songs at their work. Music is perhaps the secret of many wonderful engineering feats of the old world. Now, in the threshing of corn in La Vendée, the flail falls to a musical refrain : —

Ho ! batteux, battons la gerbe,
Compagnons, joyeusement !

Washerwomen, especially in the south, sing as they beat the linen on the stones; the Flemish weaver has his song, scarcely to be distinguished from the noise of his loom, so one helps the other : —

Et tipe tape et tipe tape,
Est-il trop gros, est-il trop fin,
Et couchés tard, levés matin, Iroun lan la.
En roulant la navette,
Le beau temps viendra.

There are also the towing or hauling songs, "a pull all together," anciently well

known and much used in France, as now in some less civilized countries, but dying out, as horses and steam are more used on the rivers. "La Maumariée," with a new refrain, again appears as a special miller's song : —

Pilons, pilons, pilons l'orge,
Pilons l'orge, pilons-la,
Mon père m'y maria;
Pilons l'orge, pilons-la;
A ung villain m'y donna.

Marching songs, of course, are very old, and likely to live. So also, one would think, are the songs of sailors and seamen, full of both poetical and rhythmical interest and beauty. Some of the best of these belong to Brittany, and among them M. Tiersot especially mentions "la Légende de Saint Azénor," and "les Trois Marins de Groix." Songs of the form of the Italian barcarole are also to be found on the French coast, especially in the south; and here the melancholy beauty of more northern sea-songs is replaced by gaiety, spirit, and swing.

Turning from sailors to soldiers, we find ourselves in face of a new great cycle of song, and to sketch even its broadest features in a few words is almost too difficult an undertaking. But in truth the war-songs of the Gauls were the earliest beginning of the popular songs of France. The oldest known of this character is the "Sword-Dance of Brittany." Its authenticity is not quite certain, but some authorities trace it back to the sixth century, and both words and melody are a striking example of a battle-song. But we have not here so much to do with *chants de bataille* — which generally, as we have seen, in becoming epic, ceased to be popular — as with songs composed by soldiers themselves, and belonging to their daily life, their adventures, their good or bad fortunes. The first singers of most of these were the adventurers of the Middle Ages, the free-lances, whose wild life breaks out in them. If they sang of their battles it was generally to some old air, which is sometimes to be found with strangely different words and refrain, set to some peaceful song of the provinces. Many curious military traditions are preserved in these songs made by the soldiers themselves; the best collection of them, it seems, is M. Leroux de Lincy's "Recueil des Chants Historiques Français." As the centuries pass on the tone becomes more easy, more good-humored; the music is as much country-dance as march. Till the Revolution, when the "Marseillaise," of course, drove everything else

out of the field, French soldiers went to their campaigns singing to the tune of "La Mère Michel a perdu son chat." After the Revolution, which certainly, whatever it may have done for France, has not added to her outward joy, a plaintive tone comes in with the songs of the conscripts. A few of them, but difficult to find, date back to the *levées* of 1793; most of them are traceable to the First Empire, and are still popular in the provinces.

Ils étoient faiseurs de bas;
Et à c't'heure ils sont soldats.

M. Tiersot finds in them a "ton mélangé de mélancolie pastorale et de gouaillerie soldatesque." This same *gouaillerie* or *humeur gauloise*, exists plentifully to this day in the marching songs of the French army, made, it seems, on every subject under the sun. In many regiments now, however, silence while marching is compulsory, and in this way it is likely that a whole series of popular songs will die out and be forgotten. Perhaps it is only collectors of curiosities who will very much miss such a song as this, especially as its spirited air may find other words:—

Ma capote a trois boutons — Marchons!
Ma capote a trois boutons — Marchons!
Marchons léger, légère, } *bis.*
Marchons légèrement.

So they go on till they count one hundred and three buttons.

The study of bugle-calls, of drums, of all the *onomatopées* which represent the sound of instruments, such as *Pata-pata-pan, Ran tan plan, Tarare pon pon, Tru-don trudaine*, cannot possibly occupy us now. It is not perhaps of much interest, even to folk-lorists, and it can hardly even be called part of the greater study of *la chanson populaire*. From this point of view one also feels justified in neglecting the cycle of drinking-songs, which are not, as a rule, old popular songs, but sometimes the work of poets such as Basselin or Le Houx, sometimes a set of words of little value and no interest, set to any well-known air. No songs of this kind, and strangely few allusions to the subject, have been handed down by oral tradition among the peasants. Neither can we do more than mention the vaudevilles, town or street songs, which have nothing to do with the peasants, and might well demand an article of their own.

The subject of fêtes, thoroughly popular, and with the dignity of longest descent, is one that should be studied in all its history and customs, not merely for the

sake of the songs connected with it. Even M. Tiersot's long and interesting chapter only seems to touch the edge of such a subject as this. Its roots are in heathen and in Celtic times; and even in the Christian Middle Ages the Church did not by any means entirely possess herself of this older world of peasant festival, ruled by a mysterious nature. She could only condemn many of its practices as diabolical and the work of sorcerers. This is the world where, in every country, one finds such survivals as belief in the virtue of plants, the symbolism of flowers; here comes in the old nature-worship in honor paid to wells and springs, in fires on high hills, and all the strange observances among which students of folk-lore find their greatest treasures. All these popular festivals had their dances, and in consequence their songs, beginning with "Aguilaneuf," the feast of the winter solstice, when a band of *quêteurs* goes round to this day singing:—

Donnez-moi mes aguinettes
Aguignola.

Songs and names vary in the different provinces, and religion is mixed up even with the fêtes that have no special religious meaning. May-day is one of the oldest of these. Long before it held its present place as "le premier jour du mois de Marie," it was the festival of youth, and the Queen of May was dressed in white and crowned with flowers. Her old popular name in the eastern provinces, *la Trimousette*, has never yet found an explanation. Her song, with many variations, appears to be as old as her name:

C'est le Mai, mois de Mai,
C'est le joli mois de Mai.

In its present form, this song is Christian:

En revenant de dans les champs
Nous ont trouvé les blés si grands,
La blanche épine florissant,
Devant Dieu.

But there are traces in it, as in the modern "Aguilaneuf," of another language and a pre-existing type. It is the same with songs belonging to the great old *fête* of Saint Jean, the most ancient celebration of the summer solstice, clearly traceable, especially in Brittany, to Druid ceremonies. Its most popular song, "Voici la Saint Jean, l'heureuse journée," is a ronde danced round the sacred bonfire on the eve of the saint's day.

Here we may mention the *noëls*, so large and interesting a series that M. Tiersot gives them a chapter to themselves. Quite

as popular though not so ancient as the songs belonging to other *fêtes* of the year, they differ from them in character by being entirely religious and Catholic in intention. The older festivals only took the names of saints to sanctify the old nature-worship to which they belonged. The *noëls* always belonged to Christmas, and to its varying ceremonies, still to be met with here and there in France. Whole books of these old *noëls*, carols, as we call them, are preserved; but it must be confessed that even in them the religious character is not wholly maintained. They are set to all sorts of lively and profane melodies, and in tune, at least, can hardly be distinguished from dances, love-songs, drinking-songs. Even the words are often of a startling quaintness which borders on real irreverence, and the Christmas story sung with such refrains as "*tour-lourirette . . . lonlanderirette*," suggests curious reflections. The whole subject of *noëls* and of old Christmas ceremonies repays any amount of study, and lets in strange lights on the French character. We must not, however, think that the popular song of France is entirely without earnestness and true religious feeling.

To return to more ordinary *fête*-songs — it is easy to imagine that a singing nation would have its songs belonging to the great events of human life; and of these *fêtes de la vie*, in the course of a peasant's toiling existence, the greatest evidently is marriage. It may be — generally is — the entrance for both on a still more grinding round of toil; still, at the time, it means rejoicing; and it has a whole series of songs of its own, often in dialogue, sometimes light and profane in tone, but more generally, we are assured, of an almost religious gravity. Brittany, Berry, and the west are richest in the *chanson de nocés*; in the south and east it is more ordinary. One of the most popular specimens is the song, universally known, of the young girls, the bride's former companions:—

Vous n'irez plus au bal,
Madam' la mariée.

Tradition says that this was sung to Anne of Bretagne when she was married at Nantes to Louis XII., in the year 1499.

Death also has its songs, or rather, its musical cries and lamentations. There is a piercing sadness in the *cris d'enterrement* to be heard in various provinces. M. Tiersot gives a specimen from Gascony, too long to be quoted here; it is full of grief and tenderness, the lament for a father loved and obeyed by all. Here,

and in other provinces, this song takes the form of a chant or recitative, shrill, and made up of irregular exclamations.

Qu' etz mort!
Que tourneratz pas jamès!
Jamès! Jamès!

In some mountain districts, Hautes-Alpes and Pyrenees, the funeral songs are of a more lyrical character.

France has never been without her religious songs and prayers set to music. When the Latin language was no longer understood, peasant faith and devotion invented such formulas as that known by the name of the White Paternoster. For a real and most interesting study of this prayer, of which we here find three versions — Picardy, Bresse, and Gascony — we may refer to the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco's delightful and helpful book "*On the Study of Folk-Songs*." Rhythm has always been found to help memory, and it was by means of verse and music, even in Druid times, that the people learned the dogmas of their religion. Such ancient instructions, partly turned to the service of Christianity, are still known and repeated among the Bretons. They, too, have preserved the beautiful old *cantiques* which hold their place as the finest religious poetry of France; not sung in the churches, but by a thousand voices in the open air, at *pardons* or church festivals, with no accompaniment but "*les bruits de la mer ou la vent qui souffle à travers les landes*."

There is hardly space left for any mention of Huguenot songs and psalms, which, however popular as they became in some parts of France, cannot take their place as specimens of the real old *chanson populaire*. It is curious to note that in early days these psalms of Marot and De Béza were sung to profane and familiar tunes, but that later they came to possess very fine and striking melodies of their own. The former state of things would hardly have gained Calvin's approval. "*Quand la mélodie est avec*," he said, "*cela transperce beaucoup plus fort le cœur*." This, no doubt, is true in a wider sense than he meant it.

We cannot here follow M. Tiersot through his study of the *chants nationaux* of France, among which he counts "*Vive Henri IV.*," "*Ca ira*," the "*Carmagnole*," and, last and greatest, the "*Marseillaise*." That world-famed song, the feeling of a people breaking its way through one man into words and music, is a typical example of a *chant populaire*.

We have thus explored a little way into the outskirts of the enchanted forest; the fairy wood of French popular fancy, through whose paths, not too wild or rough or tangled, into whose sunny or shady recesses, M. Tiersot's book is a delightful guide. It would seem that there is not much disappointment in store for students of French popular song and melody, provided that their expectations are not quite unreasonable. The treasure is worth digging for, and the excavations are by no means finished yet. The general interest in these studies and discoveries is rising higher day by day. The melodies of popular songs, if not the words, are fast becoming the fashion, and are much adapted by modern composers. In this M. Tiersot rejoices; he thinks that the art of the future will find a new and happy and vigorous life in the art of the past:—

Et peut-être, de cette union de la science moderne avec la spontanéité du lyrisme de nos aïeux, il sortira quelque jour une de ces œuvres significatives, qui marquent une date et méritent de demeurer, parce qu'elles révèlent, d'une façon claire et brillante, les goûts séculaires et l'éternel génie d'une race.

ELEANOR C. PRICE.

AUNT ANNE.*

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CHAPTER XXI.

DURING the days that followed she was shut up in the cottage alone; and no one entered save Jane Mitchell, who came in the morning to light the fire while the remnant of coal lasted, and then was sent away.

"I shall not require you any more," she said to Lucas, when he came to ask if she wanted the pony. She was covered with shame, and could never drive along the roads again.

"No, I do not need any provisions," she said to Jane Mitchell, who offered to do some shopping for her; "I have sufficient in the house, and I will not trouble you to come again, Jane, until this day week"—and, having securely fastened the outer doors, she went to the drawing-room.

"I shall be dead by then," she thought, "and Jane will find me." She was terribly ill, but she did not know it. The cold

and the damp of that long day in London and afterwards had laid hold on her. She coughed, and knew that swift pains went through her, and a load was on her chest, but she had no time to notice these things. She had had no food for days. Save a little milk in a cup, and some bread, there was nothing left when Jane Mitchell took her departure. She was being slowly starved; she knew it, and did not care. The awful shame, the misery, the agony, that had overtaken her, stifled all other feelings, and were killing her; she knew that, too, and waited for death. Everything had gone out of her life; there was nothing to come into it more. She had been proud of her memories, her unsullied past, her own spotlessness. "Now it is all gone," she said to herself. Every memory was a reproach or was hideous. She sat on one of the chairs before the drawing-room fireplace, and thought and thought and thought, till she could bear it no longer. It seemed as if pain were stamping the life out of her, as if she must be dying; she could feel that she was dying; but life remained by a little, and grew keen, and tortured her again. The key was turned in the lock of Alfred Wimple's room, but his touch was on everything in the house; and a shrinking from it was her strongest feeling concerning him. Even the sight of a cup from which he had drunk made her shudder more than the bitter cold. "The place is contaminated," she said to herself; "it is poisoned." Sometimes for a few minutes a little tenderness would try to push its way into her heart again, but she shrank from that most of all, and with horror and loathing of herself. She was bowed down with disgrace. She felt as if by even living she was committing an offence against the whole world. There was no one she was fit to see; she had no right of any sort left, no business to be in the light; and there was no place in which she could hide. The nights were worst of all, they were so long and still; and when she had used the two candles left in the dining-room she had no means of shortening them even by an hour. Then, quaking, she lay on the hard sofa in the drawing-room, while the darkness gathered round, and the cold fastened its sharpest fangs into her. In those long hours she suffered not only her own reproaches, but the reproaches of the dead—of the dear ones she had loved in by-gone years. From every corner they seemed to come—through the closed door and in at the curtained windows, troops of them—till she

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could bear it no longer, and dared not see the darkness that seemed to be growing white with their faces. But when she closed her eyes it was no better; they came a little closer and touched her with their hands as if they would push her a little farther into space; she was not fit to be among them. The friends of her girlhood, with whom she had played and shared her little secrets, came from the strange world into which they had carried the memory of their own blameless lives. They looked at her reproachfully, and went away; she would never be one of them now, even in eternity. And there was one more; she could see him coming softly through the shadows. He stood beside her, and she cowered and hid her face. Then she knew that he was sorry and understood that, in some grotesque manner, it had been done half for love of him. It comforted her a little to think this, while she turned her face down to the cushion, and sobbed, "Forgive me, I am so ashamed — so ashamed." At last, perhaps, she would ache with fever and cold, and the sharp pains went through her again. She welcomed these almost lovingly, thinking that perhaps they meant the coming of the end; and gradually, as the morning broke, she would doze off into a weary sleep.

Sometimes a ghastly fear would seize her that Alfred Wimple was coming back. She could hear his footsteps going round the house; she fancied he was creeping beneath the veranda, that he was trying the window. He wanted to come in and strangle her. She could feel his long hands closing round her throat, and put up her own to draw them, finger by finger, away. It was not the killing she would mind, but the pollution of his touch.

Through the day she wandered from room to room — now looking at the table at which he had sat the last night of all; or seeing him, with his back to the buttery-hatch, eating the sole and the chicken she had brought from London; or standing in the doorway, when he came afterwards and asked her for the evening paper. She went to the window and looked at the garden, and the pathway down to the dip; but this was more than she could bear, and she would turn away and sit down by the empty fireplace again. She grew hungry once; a terrible craving for food came over her. She gathered some sticks together, and made a fire, all the time seeing strange visions and grinning fiends that mocked her. She took them to be the punishment of her sin — for sin she

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counted all that she had done — but in reality they were but signs of the illness and starvation that were contending for the mastery of her. She put a little water on to boil over the blazing sticks, and watched it greedily. She made some tea, with trembling eagerness, and found a new excitement in the strength it gave her; but when the fire had died away, and an hour had passed, she was prostrate again. Gradually she became so ill that she could scarcely drag herself from the drawing-room to the kitchen; the sense of being unfit to stay in the world grew upon her — a dread of seeing people, a haunting fear of some one coming to the door. But no one came through all those terrible days except, once or twice, Jane Mitchell, only to be told that "her services were not required."

She thought of Walter and Florence sometimes, and was afraid of their coming back. She could never look them in the face again, or dare to speak to them, or see the children. Just as before she had exaggerated her own importance in the world and her own virtue, now she exaggerated her own disgrace. She knew what the women she had once despised felt like — "I was never lenient," she said to herself. "I was very harsh, as if they had gone out of their way to do wrong. I ought to have shown them more clemency" — and as she said this, there came before her the face of Mrs. North. She sat and looked at it. "She was young, and there was excuse for her; and I am old, yet could not forgive her. I will make atonement now. I will write and tell her." Her fingers were so weak she could hardly hold the pen, but she managed to put down a little entreaty for forgiveness. "I ought to have been more gentle to you," she wrote. "I know that now, for I have been as frail" — she stopped and gave a sad little wink at the word — "as you. I know what your sufferings have been by my own, and can pity your humiliation." The letter remained on the table — she almost forgot it; fever and blackness filled her life — she could scarcely walk across the room.

The morning brought the postman, with a letter from Walter and Florence. "Would you put a postage-stamp on this for me?" she said, giving him the one for Mrs. North. "I will repay you the next time you come; I have no change for the moment."

She put the letter with the Monte Carlo post-mark on the mantelpiece, and stood looking at the familiar handwriting, and

imagining them together beneath the blue sky, Walter in high spirits, and Florence with her pretty hair plaited round her head. "Dear children!" she said. "He is growing more and more like his father." She closed her eyes for a moment; her limbs swayed and gave way beneath her; and she fell from sheer weakness, and could make no effort to rise. Presently she pulled the cushion down, and lay on the rug again as she had on the night of Alfred Wimple's departure. She did not know how the day passed—probably most of it went in forgetfulness. The next afternoon came, and she had not noticed the hours.

The click of the gate, and footsteps coming towards the house—Aunt Anne struggled up, panting, and listened—a quick knock at the door. She hesitated, raised herself to her feet by the armchair, and went out, but could not gather courage to undo the lock.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Let me in," cried a voice that was familiar enough, though she could not identify it. She bowed her head—she was about to be looked at in all her humiliation—and, with trembling hands, opened the door.

Mrs. North walked in, with a happy laugh. She was perfectly dressed, as usual, and carried a white basket.

"My dear old lady," she said, "what is the matter? Your letter frightened me out of my senses. I came off the moment it arrived. You poor old darling, what is the matter? Why, you can't stand—I must carry you." She supported the old lady back into the drawing-room—cheerless and cold enough it looked; that was the first impression Mrs. North had of it—and sat down beside her on the sofa.

"My love," the old lady said, "I wrote to ask your forgiveness; it was due to you that I should, for I am worse than you. If I was harsh to you once, you may be harsh to me now."

Mrs. North pressed her hand.

"But you are ill, dear Mrs. Wimple," she said.

Aunt Anne looked up with a start of horror.

"I must ask you never to call me by that name again; it is not mine. It is the symbol of my disgrace. It is my greatest punishment to remember that I ever for a single moment bore it." And then she broke down, and, dropping her head on Mrs. North's shoulder, sobbed as if her heart would break.

"You dear—you poor old dear," Mrs.

North said, stroking the scanty grey hair; "I can't bear to see you cry—you mustn't do it; you are ill. Who is here with you?"

"There is no one here. I am not fit to have any one with me. I am all alone."

"All alone!"

"Yes,"—and she shook her head.

"Then I shall stay and take care of you, and nurse you, and make you quite well again. You know I always cared for you, dear old lady,"—and Mrs. North kissed her tenderly.

"And I treated you with so much severity," Aunt Anne said ruefully.

"It was very good for me. And now," Mrs. North said, in her sweet, coaxing voice, "put your feet up on the sofa; you are trembling and shaking with cold. Why, you have no fire; let us go into another room where there is one."

"There is no fire in the house," Aunt Anne answered. "The weather is very mild; moreover, the coal-cellar needs replenishing. I have not been sufficiently well to do it."

"No fire!—and you evidently suffering from bronchitis! Oh, you do indeed need to be looked after. Have you no servant here?" Mrs. North was rapidly taking in the whole situation.

"No, my dear. I wished to be alone."

"But this is terrible. We must set everything to rights. You appear to be killing yourself. I don't believe you have anything to eat and drink in the house."

"No. I have been too ill to require nourishment; I regret that I cannot ask you to stay."

Mrs. North looked at her almost in despair. Then she took off her hat and gloves, and stood for a moment, a lovely picture in the midst of the dreary room, before she knelt down by Aunt Anne.

"Let me stay with you," she pleaded, taking the two thin hands in hers; "you were always so good to me. I know that something terrible has happened to you; you shall tell me what it is by and by, when you are better. Now I want to take care of you; and you will let me, won't you?"

"You shall do anything you like, my dear," Aunt Anne gasped, too weak to offer resistance.

Then Mrs. North went out to the fly, which was still waiting at the gate, and found Jane Mitchell, who, attracted by the unusual sight, was talking to the driver.

"I want some coals sent at once, and a servant."

"I was the servant, if you please,

ma'am; only Mrs. Wimple said she didn't want me," remarked Jane.

"Then go in immediately and make a fire," answered Mrs. North imperiously; "and if there are no coals get some instantly, from your mother's cottage or anywhere else. There must be shops in the village. Order tea and sugar, and everything else you can think of. I will send to London for my maid and cook to come and help you. Make haste and light a fire in the drawing-room. Where is my shawl? Here, driver, take this telegram; and order these things from the village, and say they are wanted instantly" — she had written the list on the leaf of a note-book; "and this is for your trouble," she added.

"Now, you dear old lady," she said, going back to her, "let me put this shawl over your feet first, for we must make you warm. Consider that I have adopted you." In a moment she ran up-stairs, and searched for a soft pillow to put under Aunt Anne's head, and then produced some grapes and jelly from the basket she had brought with her. Aunt Anne sucked in a little of the jelly almost eagerly, and as she did so Mrs. North realized that she had only just come in time. "We must send for a doctor," she thought; "but I am afraid that everything is too late."

In twenty-four hours the cottage looked like another place. Mrs. North's cook had taken possession of the kitchen; a comfortable-looking, middle-aged maid went up and down the stairs; the windows were open, though there were fires burning in all the grates. There were good things in the larder, and an atmosphere of home was everywhere. Aunt Anne was bewildered, but Mrs. North looked quite happy.

"I have taken possession of you," she explained, the second morning after she came. "You ought to have sent for me sooner. In fact, you ought never to have left me. You only got into mischief, and so did I."

"Yes, my dear," said Aunt Anne feebly, "we both did."

Mrs. North's lips quivered for a moment.

"It shows that we ought to have stayed together," she said, half crying. "Perhaps I should have been better if you had not gone. Oh, I shall never forget all you told me this morning." For Aunt Anne, in sheer desperation, as well as in penitence and gratitude, had poured out the whole history of her life since she left Cornwall Gardens, and Mrs. North's keen perception and quick sympathy had filled

in any outlines that had been left a little vague.

"We know each other so well now, I don't think I ought to call you Mrs. Baines any longer. I want to call you something else."

"Let it be anything you like, my dear."

"What does the Madon — Mrs. Hibbert call you? But I know; she calls you Aunt Anne. Let me do the same."

"Yes, dear, you shall call me Aunt Anne."

"Oh, I am so glad to be with you," Mrs. North went on. "I have longed sometimes to put down my head on your lap and cry. I have been just as miserable as you have — more, a thousand times more; for my shame" — she liked indulging Aunt Anne in her estimate of her own conduct — "has been all my own wicked doing, but yours was only a sad mistake. I don't think we ought to be separated any more, Aunt Anne; we ought to live together, and take care of each other."

"My dear," said the old lady, still lying on the sofa, "there will be no living for me; I am going to die."

"Oh no," Mrs. North answered, with a little gasp, "you are going to live and be taken care of, and loved properly. I wish the doctor would come again. Then I should speak on medical authority. Go to sleep a little while; I will sit by you."

An hour passed. Aunt Anne opened her eyes.

"Could you put me by the fire, my dear; I am very cold."

"Yes, of course I can; but wait a moment. Clarke will come and help me. Clarke," she called, "I want you to come and help me to move Mrs. Baines."

"Now you look more comfortable," she said, when it was done. "There is a footstool for your feet, and the peacock beside you to keep you company."

Aunt Anne sat still for a moment, looking at the fire.

"My dear," she said presently, "I have been thinking of what you said; we have both suffered very much; we ought to be together. Only now you have the hope of a new life before you. But we have both suffered," she repeated.

Mrs. North knelt down beside her like a girl. "Suffered," she said. "Oh, dear old lady, if you only knew what I have suffered — the loneliness of my girlhood, the misery of my marriage, the perpetual hunger for happiness, the struggle to get it. And oh! the longing to be loved, and the madness when love came, and then — then — but you know," she whispered passion-

ately — "I need not go over it; the shame, and the publicity, and the relief I dared not to acknowledge even to myself, when I was set free. And then the awful dread that even he, the man for whom I did it all, would perhaps despise me as the rest of the world did. I am not wicked naturally, I am not, indeed — I don't think any woman on this green earth has loved beautiful things and longed to do righteous things, more than I have, or felt the misery of failure more bitterly."

"It will come right now, my love," Aunt Anne said gently. "You are young; it will all come right. You said you had a telegram, and that he was coming back?"

"Yes, he is coming back," Mrs. North answered, in a low voice; "but I do not want him to set it right because I did the wrong for him, or just to make reparation from a sense of honor. I do not want to spoil his life; for some people will cut him if he marries me; it is only — only — if he loves me still, and more than all the world, as I do him — that is the only chance of it all coming right. It is time I had a letter — But here is your beef-tea. Let us try and forget all our troubles, and get a little peace together." She looked up with an April-day smile, took the beef-tea from Clarke, and, holding it before Aunt Anne, watched with satisfaction every mouthful she took.

"I fear I give you a great deal of trouble," the old lady said gratefully.

"It isn't trouble" — and the tears came to her eyes; "it is blessedness. I never had any one before to serve and wait on whom I loved; even my hands are sensible of the happiness of everything they do for you. It is new life. But now we have talked too much, and you must go to sleep."

"Yes, my love" — and Aunt Anne put her head back on the pillow; "I will do as you desire, but you are very autocratic."

"Of course." Mrs. North laughed at hearing the familiar word, and then went to the dining-room for a little spell of quietness.

"Clarke," she said to the maid who had been waiting there, "go in and watch by Mrs. Baines; she must not be left alone."

Mrs. North sat down on the chair that Aunt Anne had pulled out for Alfred Wimple after her return from London.

"Oh, I wonder if it will come right?" she said to herself. "If it does — if it does — if it does! But I ought to have had a letter by this time; it is long enough since the telegram from Bombay. Something tells me that it will come right; I think

that is the meaning of the happiness that has forced itself upon me lately. It is no use trying to be miserable any longer. Happiness seems to be coming nearer and nearer. I have a sense of forgiveness in my heart; surely I know what it means? Perhaps, as Aunt Anne says, all I have suffered has been an atonement for the wrong. One little letter, and I shall be content. The dear old lady shall never go away from me; she shall just be made as happy as possible." She got up and went to the window, and leaned out towards the garden. "Those trees at the end," she said to herself, "surely must hide the way down to the dip, where she listened. It is very lovely to-day" — and she looked up at the sky; "but I wish the doctor would come, I should feel more satisfied." There was a footstep. "Yes, Clarke; is anything the matter? Why have you come? You look quite pale."

"Mrs. Baines is going to die, ma'am; I am certain of it."

"Going to die?" Mrs. North's face turned white, and she went towards the door.

"I don't mean this minute, ma'am; but just now she opened her eyes and looked round as if she didn't see, and then she picked at her dress as dying people do at the sheet — it's a sure sign. Besides, she is black round the mouth. I don't believe she will live three days."

Mrs. North clasped her hands with fear.

"I wish she would stay in bed; the doctor said she ought to do so yesterday; but she seemed better, and begged so hard to come down this morning that I gave way."

"It's another sign," said the maid; "they always want to get up towards the last."

"The doctor promised he would be here by twelve, and now it is nearly two."

He came an hour later. "She must be taken up-stairs at once," he said; so they carried her up, Clarke and the doctor between them, while Mrs. North followed anxiously; and all of them knew that Aunt Anne would never walk down the stairs again.

Then a telegram was sent to Florence and Walter, at Monte Carlo.

But she was a little better in the evening, and Mrs. North brightened up as she saw it. Perhaps Clarke was a foolish croaker, and signs were foolish things to trouble one's self about. The old lady might live, after all, and there would be some happiness yet.

"No, Aunt Anne, you are not going to get up yet," she said next morning, in

answer to an inquiring look; "you must wait until the doctor has been; remember it is my turn to be autocratic."

"Yes, my love"—and she dozed off. Half her time was spent in sleep. Since Mrs. North's arrival there had stolen over her a gradual contentment, as if a crisis had occurred, and the blackness of the past grown dim. Perhaps it was giving place to all that was in her heart, or the sound of Mrs. North's fresh young voice, or the loving touch of her hand. Be it what it might, Alfred Wimple and the misery that he had caused seemed to have gone farther and farther away, while peacefulness was stealing over her. "It is like being with my dear Florence and Walter," she said to Mrs. North once—"only perhaps you understand even better than they could, for you have gone through the pain."

"Yes, dear Aunt Anne, I have gone through the pain"—and Mrs. North sat waiting for the doctor again, not that she was very uneasy to-day, for the old lady was a little better, and hope grows up quickly when youth passes by.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE sound of the door-bell, and of some one being shown into the drawing-room.

"The doctor has come, Aunt Anne," Mrs. North said. "I will invigorate myself with a talk before I bring him to you, and tell him that you are much better." But instead of the doctor she found a little dried-up-looking old gentleman standing in the middle of the room, holding his hat and umbrella in one hand. She looked at him inquiringly.

"I understood that Mrs. Baines was here," he said. Mrs. North looked up with expectation. "I have come from London expressly to see her on important business. I was solicitor to the late Sir William Rammage," he added. Mrs. North's spirits revived. This looked like a new and exciting phase of the story.

"Are you Mr. Boughton?"

"I am Mr. Boughton"—and he made her a formal little bow. "I see you understand —"

"Oh, yes," she said eagerly; "and the ex-lord mayor was the old lady's cousin. I regret to say that she is very ill in bed, and cannot possibly see you, but I should be happy to deliver any message." Mr. Boughton looked at her with benevolent criticism, and thought her a most beautiful young woman. She, meanwhile, grasped the whole situation to her own satisfac-

tion. That horrid lord mayor, as she mentally called Sir William, had probably told his solicitor all about Alfred Wimple; and the little dried-up gentleman before her, who was (as she had instantly remembered) the uncle, had come to see how the land lay. Mrs. North felt as convinced as Sir William had done that the whole affair was a conspiracy between the uncle and nephew, and she promptly determined to make Mr. Boughton as uncomfortable as possible.

"I quite understand the business on which you have come to see Mrs. Baines," she said, with decision, but with a twinkle of mischief she could not help in her eyes. "You have heard, of course, that the conduct of your delightful nephew, Mr. Alfred Wimple, is entirely found out."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Boughton, astonished out of his senses.

"What has he to do with Mrs. Baines?"

"You perhaps approved of his romantic marriage?" Mrs. North inquired politely. She was enjoying herself enormously.

"His romantic marriage!" exclaimed the lawyer. "I know nothing about it. My dear madam, what do you mean? Is that scoundrel married?"

"Most certainly he is married," Mrs. North went on; "and, as far as I can gather particulars from Mrs. Baines, your charming niece is a dressmaker at Liphook."

"At Liphook!" exclaimed Mr. Boughton, more and more astonished; "why—why —"

"Where she lives with her grandmother," continued Mrs. North, in the most amiable voice. "Her mother, I understand, lets lodgings in the Gray's Inn Road, and it was Mr. Wimple's kind intention to pay the amount he owes her out of Mrs. Baines's fortune."

"Good gracious! that was the woman who came to me the other day. I never heard of such a thing in my life! How did he get hold of Mrs. Baines?" There was something so genuine in his bewilderment that Mrs. North began to believe in his honesty, but she was determined not to be taken in too easily.

"The details are most exciting, and will be exceedingly edifying in a court of justice. Now may I inquire why you so particularly wish to see the old lady?"

"I came to see her about the late Sir William Rammage," Mr. Boughton said, finding it difficult to collect his scattered wits after Mrs. North's information.

"Is he really dead, then?" she asked politely.

"Most certainly; he died on the fifth, and Mrs. Baines —"

"She is much too ill to see anybody; and as I understand he burned his will, and has not left her any money, it is hardly worth while to worry her with particulars of his unlamented death."

"Burned his will? Yes, for some extraordinary reason he did—so Charles, the manservant, tells me—he did it in her presence. He had no time to make another, for the agitation caused by her visit killed him."

"Or perhaps it was the mercy of Providence," remarked Mrs. North.

Mr. Boughton did not heed the remark, but asked:—

"May I inquire if you are in Mrs. Baines's confidence?"

"Entirely," she answered decisively.

"Then I may tell you that no former will has been found, and she is next of kin. There are no other relations at all, I believe, and she will therefore inherit about three times as much as if the burned will had remained in existence."

"Really!"—and Mrs. North clapped her hands for joy. And then the tears came into her eyes. "Oh, but it is too late, for she is dying; nothing can save her; she is dying. I have telegraphed to her nephew and niece to come back from Monte Carlo. She has had a terrible shock, from which she will never recover; and besides that she has virtually starved herself and taken a hundred colds. She has not the strength of a fly left. I know she is dying," Mrs. North added, with a sob she could not help.

"Don't you think that the good news I bring might save her life?"

"No; and I am not sure that it would be good to save it, she has suffered so cruelly. What a wicked old man Sir William Rammage was!" she burst out, and looked up sympathetically at Mr. Boughton.

"He was my client," the lawyer urged.

"He allowed the poor old lady to starve for want of money, and now that he is dead and she is dying it comes to her."

"Yes, it is very unfortunate—very unfortunate."

"Everything seems to be a point of view," Mrs. North went on, in the eager manner which so often characterized her. "Poverty is the point of view from which we look at riches we cannot get; from vice we look at virtue which we cannot attain; from hell we look at the heaven we cannot reach. Perhaps Sir William Rammage would appreciate the latter part of the

remark now"—she said the last words between laughter and tears.

"My dear madam," Mr. Boughton exclaimed, in rather a shocked voice, "pray don't let us begin a discussion. To go back to Mrs. Baines, I think if I could see her —"

"It is quite impossible; you would remind her of your horrible nephew, and that would kill her."

"What on earth has she got to do with my nephew?" and this time his manner convinced Mrs. North that he was not an impostor.

"Mr. Boughton," she said gravely, "the old lady is very, very ill. The doctor says she cannot live, and I fear that the sight of you would kill her straight off; but, if you like, I will go and sound her, and find out if she is strong enough to bear a visit from you"—and, the lawyer having agreed to this, Mrs. North went up-stairs.

"Dearest old lady"—her girlish voice had always a tender note in it when she spoke to Aunt Anne. "I have some good news for you—very good news. Do you think you could bear to hear it?"

"Yes, my love," Aunt Anne answered wheezily, "but you must forgive me if I am sceptical as to its goodness."

Mrs. North knelt down by the bedside, and stroked the thin hands. "Mr. Boughton is down-stairs; he has come to tell you that Sir William Rammage is dead."

"Then it is true," Mrs. Baines said sadly. "Poor William! My dear, we once lay in the same cradle together, while our mothers watched beside it. What does Mr. Boughton say about Alfred?"

"He doesn't appear to know anything about his wickedness."

"I felt sure he did not; I never believed in the depravity of human nature."

"Then how would you account for Mr. Wimple?" she asked, with much interest. The old lady considered for a moment.

"Perhaps he was my punishment for all I did in the past. I have thought that lately, and tried to bear it—only it is more than I can bear. It has humiliated me too much. Tell me why Mr. Boughton has come; is it anything about Alfred?"

"Nothing," was the emphatic answer; "and if you see him I advise you not to mention Mr. Wimple's name."

"My dear," Aunt Anne said impressively, "except to yourself, his name will never pass my lips again. I feel that it is desecration to my dear Walter and Florence to mention it in their house. I shall

never forgive myself for having brought him into it. But perhaps all I have suffered is some expiation; you and I have both felt that about our frailty"—and she shook her head. "What is the good news?"

"Mr. Boughton brought it, and it is about Sir William's money." Mrs. Baines was silent for a moment; then she looked up, with a little wink, and a smile came to her lips. "I should like to see him," she said. "But will you help me to get up first? I think if I could sit by the open window I should be better."

"Perhaps you would, you dear; it's warm enough for summer. Let me help you into your dressing-gown. Stay, you shall wear mine. It is very smart, with lavender bows; quite proper half-mourning for a cousin. There—now—gently"—and she helped the old lady into the easy-chair by the window. It was a long business, but at last she was safely there, with the sunshine falling on her, and the soft lace and lavender ribbons of Mrs. North's dressing-gown about her poor old neck.

"And are you sure it's good news, my love?" she asked Mrs. North.

"I am quite sure," Mrs. North answered, as she tucked an eider-down quilt round Aunt Anne. "He has come from London on purpose to bring it to you."

"Has he partaken of any refreshment since he arrived?"

"No; but I will have some ready for him when he comes down from his talk with you. Now you shall have your *tête-à-tête*"—and Mrs. North went back to the lawyer.

"You must break it to her very, very gently, and you mustn't be more than five or ten minutes with her," she said, as she took him up to the bedroom door.

Aunt Anne was so much fatigued with the exertion of getting up that she found it a hard matter to receive Mr. Boughton with all the courtesy she desired to show him. She took the news of her fortune very quietly; it did not even excite her.

"It is too late," she said. "Nothing can solace me for what I have lost; but it will enable me to make provision for my dear Walter and Florence." Her eyes closed; her head sank on her breast; she put out her hand towards the window, as if to clutch at something that was not there.

Mr. Boughton saw it, and understood.

"I cannot repay you for your kindness and consideration," she went on presently. "Even when I have discharged my pecu-

niary obligation I shall still remain your debtor. But there are some things I should like to do. I wish Mrs. North to have a sum of money; I will tell her my wishes in regard to it."

"Perhaps I had better return in a day or two. You must forgive me for saying, my dear madam, that, with the vast sum that is now at your disposal, you ought to make a will immediately. I could take instructions now if you like."

"Instructions?" she repeated, with a puzzled air; "I will give them all to Mrs. North, and you can take them from her. You will not think me inhospitable if I ask you to leave me now, Mr. Boughton? I am very tired. Tell me, did they send for you when William Rammage died?"

"They telegraphed for me immediately, and when I got to the office I found your letter waiting for me—the one you wrote before you left London, giving me your address here." She did not hear him; her eyes had closed again, and her chin rested down on the lavender ribbons; the sunshine came in and lighted up her face, and that which Mr. Boughton saw written on it was unmistakable.

"You are quite right, my dear madam," he said to Mrs. North, as he sat partaking of the refreshment Aunt Anne had devised for him; "it has come too late."

He looked at his watch when he had finished. "I have only a quarter of an hour to stay," he said. "Before I go, would you give me some explanation of the extraordinary statements you made on my arrival?"

"You shall have it," Mrs. North answered eagerly; "but wait one moment, till I have taken this egg and wine to Mrs. Baines and seen that the maid is with her."

"That's a remarkably handsome girl," the lawyer thought, when she had disappeared; "I wonder where I have heard her name before, and who she is?" But this speculation was entirely forgotten when he heard the story of his nephew's doings of the last few months. "God bless my soul!" he exclaimed; "why, he might be sent to prison with hard labor—and serve him right, the scoundrel!"

"I am delighted to hear you say it," Mrs. North answered impulsively. "Please shake hands with me. I am ashamed to say I thought it all a conspiracy, even after you came, and that is why I was so disagreeable."

"Conspiracy, my dear madam?—why, the last thing I did to Wimple was to kick him out of my office; and I have been worried by his duns ever since. As for

the will she made in his favor, get it destroyed at once or he may give us no end of trouble yet. She has virtually given me instructions for a new one. I told her I would come in a day or two, but I think it would be safer to come to-morrow. It will have to be rather late in the day, I am afraid, but I can sleep at the inn. In the mean time get the other will destroyed. Why, bless me! if she died to-night it might make an awful scandal; I would not have it happen for all I am worth."

Mr. Boughton departed; and the doctor came, and gave so bad a report that Mrs. North sent off yet another telegram to Walter and Florence—this time to London—asking them not to waste a moment on their arrival, but to come straight to Witley. And then the second post brought her the morning's letters which had been sent on. Among them was one with the Naples post-mark, which she tore open with feverish haste and could scarcely read for tears of joy.

"I could not write before," it said. "I am detained here by a friend's illness; but now that I am thus far I send you just a line to say I shall be with you soon, and I shall never leave you again. I hate to think it all. The fault was mine, and the suffering has been yours. But I love you, and only live to make you reparation."

"It is too much happiness to bear," she said, with a sob. "It is all I wanted that he should love me—I must write this minute, or he will wonder"—and she got out her blotting-case, just as she did at the hotel at Marseille—it seemed as if that scene had been a suggestion of this—and, kneeling down by the table, wrote:—

"I am here with Mrs. Baines, and she is dying. I have just—just had your letter. Oh, the joy of it! What can I say, or do?—you know everything that is in my heart better than words can write it down."

She sealed it up; and, seizing her hat, went once round the garden, for the cottage seemed too small a house to hold so great a happiness as that which had come upon her. She looked up to the sky, and thought how blessed it was to be beneath it, and away at the larches and fir-trees, and wondered if he and she would ever walk between them. Something told her that they would if—if all came right, if she found that he loved her so much that he could not live without her. They would lead such ideal lives; they would do their very best for every one, and make

so many people happy, and cover up the past with all the good that love would surely put it into their hearts to do. "It would be too much to bear," she said to herself; "it is too much to think of yet—I will go back to my dear old lady, and comfort her."

Aunt Anne was much better for her interview with Mr. Boughton. The excitement had done her good, and some of her little consequential ways had returned with the knowledge of her wealth.

"I am glad to see you, my love," she said to Mrs. North; "I have many things to discuss with you if you will permit me to encroach on your good-nature. Would you mind sitting down on the footstool again beside me, as you did yesterday?" The maid had lifted her on to the old-fashioned sofa at the foot of the bed. She was propped up with pillows, and looked so well and comfortable it seemed almost possible that she might live.

"I will," Mrs. North answered, still overcome with her own thoughts—"I will sit at your feet, and receive your royal commands. But first permit me to say that you are looking irresistible—my lavender ribbons give you a most ravishing appearance."

"You are in excellent spirits," Aunt Anne said, with a pleased smile; "and so am I," she added. "It has done me a world of good to hear that William Ramage's iniquitous intentions have been frustrated."

"I trust he is aware of it," Mrs. North answered, "and that his soul is delightfully vexed by the enterprising Satan."

"My love," said the old lady with a shocked wink, "you hardly understand the purport of your own words."

"Yes, I do," Mrs. North said emphatically, "but now I want to speak about something much more important. I hope you are going to get well—yes, in spite of all the shakes of your dear old head; and that you are going to live to be a hundred and one, in order to scold me with very long words when I offend you."

"I will endeavor to do so, my love; but I hope that some one else will do it better"—she stopped and closed her eyes.

"I believe you are a witch, and you know about my letter. It has just come, and has made me so happy," Mrs. North said, between laughing and crying.

"What does he say?" the old lady asked, without opening her eyes.

"He says he is coming," Mrs. North answered, almost in a whisper. "It's almost more than I can bear. I think it

will all come right. The other was never a marriage—it was cruel to call it one; it was a girl's body and soul made ready for ruin by those who persuaded her"—and she put her face down.

"My dear, I understand now; I think I was very unsympathetic. But purity counts before all things"—and Aunt Anne's lips quivered. "Tell me, my love, have you heard—I know it is painful to you to hear his name, but have you heard anything of Mr. North lately?" Mrs. North looked up with a mischievous twinkle in her eyes which a moment before had been full of tears, and answered demurely:—

"I am told that he is casting his eyes on an amiable lady of forty-five. She is the sister of an eminent Q. C., has read Buckle's 'History of Civilization,' and her favorite fad is the abolition of capital punishment. But I don't want to talk of my affairs, Aunt Anne, I want to talk of yours—they are more momentous." Mrs. North prided herself on picking up Aunt Anne's words, and using them with great discretion.

"Yes, my love, I am most grateful to you."

"I am certain—as I tell you—that you are going to live and get well." Mrs. North meant her words at the moment, for, with the sweet insolence of youth, she was incredulous of death until it was absolutely before her eyes. "But at the same time," she went on, "now that you are enormously rich, you ought to take precautions in case of an accident. If the cottage were burned down to-night, and we were burned with it, who would inherit your money?"

"I told Mr. Boughton that I would give my instructions to you, and he is coming the day after to-morrow."

"But have you destroyed the will you made in favor of Alfred Wimple?"

"I have not got it; he took it away with him." Mrs. North looked quite alarmed.

"We must make another, this minute," she said; "if the conflagration took place this evening he would get every penny. Let me make it this minute. I can do it on a sheet of note-paper. Don't agitate your dear old self, I shall be back directly"—and in a moment she had fled downstairs and returned with her blotting-book, and once more she knelt down by a table to write. "You want to leave everything to the Hibberts, don't you?"

"Yes; but if you would permit me, my love, I should like to leave you something."

"Then I couldn't make the will, for it

would not be legal; besides, I am rich enough, you kind old lady. Shall I begin?"

"Stop one moment, my dear; will you give me a little *sal volatile* first, and let me rest for five minutes?" She closed her eyes, but it was not to sleep; she appeared to be thinking of something that disturbed her. When she looked up again she was almost panting with excitement as well as weakness, and there was the fierce, yet frightened, look in her eyes that had been in them when she opened the front door to turn Alfred Wimple out of the house.

"I want you to do something for me," she said, almost in a whisper—"I want you to have a sum of money, and to get it to him"—she could not make herself utter his name—"on condition that he goes out of the country with it. Let him go to Australia with the woman——"

"Yes," Mrs. North said, seeing she hesitated.

"She is not in his position, and could never be received in society."

"No, dear," Mrs. North said, reflecting that Mr. Wimple's position was not particularly exalted.

"I want him to go out of the country," Aunt Anne went on—"as far away as possible; I cannot breathe the same air with him, or bear to think that he is beneath the same sky. It is pollution; it is hurrying me out of life; it is most repugnant to me to think that when I am dead he will frequently be within only a few miles of this cottage and of my dear Walter and Florence"—she stopped for a moment, and shuddered, and put her thin hands, one over the other, under her chin. "When I am dead and buried," she went on, "I believe I should know if his body was put under ground too in the same country with me, and feel the desecration. It has killed me; it has made me eager to die. But I want to know that he will go away—that none of those I care for will ever see his face again; it will be a sacrilege if he even passes them in the street. I want him to have a sum of money, and to go away."

"I will take care that he has it," Mrs. North said gently, "I will speak to the Hibberts. But, Aunt Anne," she asked, "don't you think you might forgive him? He shall go away, but you would not like to die without forgiving him?" Mrs. North did not for a moment expect her to do it, or even wish it, but she felt it almost a duty to say what she did from a little notion, as old-fashioned as one of Aunt

Anne's perhaps, about dying in charity with all men.

"No, you must not ask me to do that" — and her voice was determined. "I cannot; it was too terrible."

"And I am very glad," Mrs. North said, having eased her conscience with the previous remark — "a slightly revengeful spirit comforts one so much."

"Don't let us ever speak of him again, even you and I. I want to shut him out of the little bit of life I have left."

"We never will," Mrs. North said. "Let this be the Amen of him. Now I will make the will. Here is a sheet of note-paper and a singularly bad quill pen."

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Anne Baines (some time called Wimple). I revoke all other wills and codicils, and give and bequeath everything that is mine or may be mine to my dear nephew and niece, Walter and Florence Hibbert."

The maid came and stood on one side and Mrs. North on the other, while Aunt Anne gave a little wink to herself, and pushed aside the end of the lavender ribbon lest it should smudge the paper, and signed *Anne Baines*, looking at every letter as she made it with intense interest.

"I am glad to write that name once more," she said, and fell back with a sigh.

From The New Review.

CULTURE: ITS MEANING AND ITS USES.

BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

NOT many years ago, I happened to notice the review of one of my books in some weekly periodical. The writer sneered at me for travelling round Europe with a portmanteau full of culture on my back. This made me reflect. What does the reviewer mean by culture? What is it I am supposed to stagger under like a pedlar's pack? And then, what do I mean by culture? How do I value the wares I carry on my shoulders? Reflection convinced me that the reviewer and myself held different opinions about what we both call culture.

It is probable that when people use this word, nowadays, it signifies for them some knowledge of history and literature, intelligence refined by considerable reading, and a susceptibility to the beauties of art and nature. But words which have been overworked, or which have passed into the jargon of cliques, are apt to acquire a secondary and degraded meaning with the

general public. All this has been the case with culture. All the good things it implies in common parlance are understood to be alloyed with pedantry, affectation, æsthetical priggishness. It is believed that the cultured person, like the dilettante of a previous century, will rave about the Corregiosity of Corregio, the symbolic depth of Botticelli, the preciousness of Ruskin's insight into Tintoretto. Or, if he does not take that line, he may be expected to possess a multifarious store of knowledge about all periods of all the arts and literatures, or to be perpetually parading this knowledge in and out of season.

The last sort of stuff is, probably, what my reviewer accused me of hawking over Europe. But this, I am certain, is not what I mean when I talk of culture.

Judged by the etymology of the word, culture is not a natural gift. It implies tillage of the soil, artificial improvement of qualities supplied by nature. It is clearly, then, something acquired, as the lovelinesses of the garden rose are developed from the briar, or the "savage-tasted drupe" becomes "the suave plum" by cultivation. In the full width of its meaning, when applied to human beings, culture is the raising of faculties — physical, mental, emotional, and moral — to their highest excellence by training. In a particular sense, and in order to distinguish culture from education, it implies that this training has been consciously carried on by the individual. Education educes or draws forth faculties. Culture improves, refines, and enlarges them, when they have been brought out. Finally, although moral and physical qualities are susceptible of both education and culture, yet it is commonly understood, when we use these terms, that we are thinking of the intellectual faculties. This is specially the case with culture. It would be pedantry to extend its sphere to morals and athletics; we cannot talk of a cultured gymnast or a cultured philanthropist, for instance, when we are referring to a man who has trained either his muscles or his benevolent emotions to their highest excellence.

I will therefore define culture, for the purpose of this discussion, as the raising of previously educated intellectual faculties to their highest potency by the conscious effort of their possessors.

In its most generalized significance, culture may be identified with self-effectuation. The individual attempts to arrive at his real self, to perfect the rudiments supplied by nature in the way for which he is best qualified, and by so doing to

arrive at independence — what the Germans call *Selbstständigkeit*. Men of true culture, as distinguished from that false thing which usurps the name, may possess diverse intellectual temperaments, and reach widely separated points of vantage. But they agree in this, that each has acquired freedom from bondage to cliques and schools, from the prejudices of the worser and the fashions of the better vulgar. Goethe points out in two famous lines that this self-effectuation, which is the highest end of culture, demands different environments according to the different quality of the mental force to be developed.

Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,
Sich ein Charakter in dem Strom der Welt.

"Talent forms itself in the silence of the study, character in the stream of the great world." But when formed, each mental force, whether it belongs to the contemplative or to the active order, each self, so cultivated, will possess the privilege insisted on by the same poet of being able "to live resolutely in the Whole, the Good, the Beautiful;" not in the warped, the falsified, the egotistical; not in the petty, the adulterated, the partial; not in the school, the clique, the coterie; but in the large sphere of universal and enduring ideas.

It will be seen now that, when I speak of culture, I mean something different from what is commonly intended by the half-slang phrase. It may be urged I am ascribing too lofty and indefinite a function to culture, when I define it to be the raising of intellectual faculties to their highest potency by means of conscious training. Still, the more we think about the derivation and the history of the word, the more shall we become convinced that this is its root meaning, its most abstract and essential signification. It is the duty of criticism always to aim at bringing back abused or debased words, so far as this is possible, to their logical and legitimate values.

But now comes the question, How is the man with educated faculties to achieve culture? In the case of rare and specially gifted natures, there is no need to ask this question. They attain culture, and more than it can give, by an act of instinct. They leap to their work impulsively, discover it inevitably. Owen Meredith, the late Lord Lytton, wrote no stronger line than this, which I quote from memory:—

Genius does what it must, but talent does what it can.

In trying to solve the problem of culture, we are bound to leave genius unreckoned. The force implied in what we call genius is incalculable, uncontrollable. Genial natures are often doomed to frosts and thwartings; are sometimes favored by the grace of circumstance; are never fostered by prescribed rules and calculated issues. Handel, with nothing but a purely professional education, soared far higher into the ideal regions of his art than Mendelssohn with all the culture Germany could give him. Shakespeare, a mere playwright and theatre-lessee, darted his rays of dramatic insight far deeper and far wider than Goethe, who was nursed upon the lore and wisdom of all ages. Genius is the pioneer whom talent follows; and men of culture have been mostly talents, though we can discover here and there a genius among their ranks. In dealing with culture, then, we have to regard the needs of talent rather than the necessities of genius; intellectual faculties of good quality, rather than minds of an exceptional, unique distinction.

Culture is self-tillage, the ploughing and the harrowing of self by use of what the ages have transmitted to us from the work of gifted minds. It is the appropriation of the heritage bequeathed from previous generations to the needs and cravings of the individual in his emancipation from "that which binds us all, the common." It is the method of self-exercise which enables a man, by entering into communion with the greatest intellects of past and present generations, by assimilating the leading ideas of the world-spirit, to make himself, according to his personal capacity, an efficient worker, if not a creator, in the symphony forever woven out of human souls.

There are two principal methods for arriving at the ends involved in culture. These may be briefly described as humanism and science. In a certain sense, we owe both to that mighty intellectual movement of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with which the term Renaissance is commonly connected. The so-called Reformation movement was a subordinate, though politically important, stream of its main current. The essential element in this great burst of energy has been well defined in Michelet's famous formula: the rediscovery of the world and of man. It began with the revival of learning, or the return of the mediæval mind to fountain-heads of knowledge and of life-experience gushing from long-neglected antique sources. At first, as was natural,

the study of mankind in ancient languages, and literatures and histories in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman records arrested curiosity. Humanism — the literary, philosophical, historical, artistic side of culture — gave tone to European thought for many generations. Still, it was impossible to pursue these studies of the past without raising comparison with the present. The remoteness of the modern from the antique mind led to critical analysis; and out of criticism emerged science. Science includes all branches of exact co-ordinated knowledge. Criticism, exerted first upon texts and theories, began to be extended to facts. In course of time the study of nature evolved itself out of the study of ancient philosophies. The curiosity about the external world, which had at first been poetical, æsthetic, sensuous, assumed the gravity of anxious speculation and of careful inquiry into actual conditions of existence. Mathematics, in the field of physics and astronomy, introduced novel conceptions of the universe. Without tracing the evolution of the natural sciences, it is enough to observe that at the end of the last century Europe became aware that humanism alone would not suffice as the basis of education and culture. The Renaissance had rediscovered man and the world. The criticism of man implied humanism. The criticism of the world, at a somewhat later period, led to science. Science, though later to emerge, proved itself the paramount force of the modern as distinguished from the antique and the mediæval spirit. The whole of this nineteenth century has been dominated by a rapid extension of scientific ideas. Scientific methods have been introduced into every department of study. We have arrived at the conviction that mental training of a thorough sort cannot neglect science. In other words, we know now that an interpenetration of humanism with science and of science with humanism is the condition of the highest culture. At present the fusion cannot be said to have been fully realized. And for the future it is probable that there will always be two differently constituted orders of minds, the one inclining to the purely humanistic, and the other to the purely scientific side of culture.

I have no wish to enter here into the controversy which has been carried on between scientific men and humanists as to the relative educational value of their methods. Nor do I want to touch upon the burning question as to whether the classics will have to be abandoned in our

schools. I shall content myself by pointing out that if, as Pope says, "the proper study of mankind is man," then humanism must always keep the first rank in the higher intellectual culture. It cannot be dethroned by abstract mathematics or by the investigation of the physical universe. Ideal culture involves both factors; and this ideal was to some extent realized in Goethe. Few men — none, indeed — can hope now to exercise themselves completely in both branches. We have to choose between the alternatives of a literary or a scientific training. Still, the points of contact between humanism and science are so numerous that thorough study compels us to approach literature scientifically and also to pursue science in a humane spirit. The humanist remembers that his department is capable of being treated with something like the exactitude which physical research demands. The man of science bears in mind that he cannot afford to despise imagination and philosophy. Both poetry and metaphysics, upon the one hand, contributed to the formation of the evolutionary hypothesis. Without habits of strict investigation, on the other hand, we should not possess the great historical works of the nineteenth century, its discoveries in comparative philology, its ethnological theories and inquiries into primitive conditions of society.

I have been speaking about culture as a form of self-effectuation through conscious training of the mind. It is a psychical state, so to speak, which may be acquired by sympathetic and assimilative study. It makes a man to be something; it does not teach him to create anything. It has no power to stand in the place of nature, and to endow a human being with new faculties. It prepares him to exert his innate faculties in a chosen line of work, with a certain spirit of freedom, with a certain breadth of understanding.

This brings me to consider the relation of culture to those special industries, arts, and professions which are determined by the subdivision of labor and by the varieties of human temperament. We have seen already that "genius does what it must." Education and self-training exercise but slender formative influence over natures like Michael Angelo, Beethoven, Shakespeare. This is the pith of the old proverb that "a poet is born, not made." Some of the greatest men of genius, Burns and Turner, for example, can hardly be called men of culture. Others, like Ben Jonson, Tasso, Heine, were so

emphatically. We have also seen that "Talent does what it can." For this reason, culture is most important to men of talent. It enables them to know what they can do; brings forth their latent capacities; leads them to choose painting or sculpture, pure literature or philosophy, according to their innate bias. It also compensates that bias by giving them a general sympathy with things outside their speciality. In this respect it is of value also for men of genius, whose bias in one particular direction reaches the maximum. Specialists, unless they be creative geniuses of the most marked type, require to be armed by culture against narrow-mindedness and the conceit of thinking that their own concerns are all-important. A man of moderate ability who cannot see beyond the world of beetles, beyond the painter's studio, beyond the church or chapel, beyond the concert-room, beyond the grammar of an extinct language, or some one period of history, is apt to be intolerable. Culture teaches him his modest place in the whole scheme. Culture is, therefore, absolutely essential to the mental well-being of persons confined by their craft or profession to a narrow range of intellectual interests. I am, of course, not alluding here to handicraftsmen and honest laborers, who do the work required of them without self-conceit, and serve the immediate needs of society without being aware of their own inestimable value. But to return to the intellectual specialist. It is fortunate for him that the downright examination of any branch of knowledge, the conscientious practice of any fine art, directs a man of ordinary talent on the path of real culture. This is due to the inter-connection of all departments in the scheme of modern thought. Humanists and scientists have been engaged together for nearly five centuries in weaving a magic robe, warp and woof combined into one fabric, which gradually, through their accumulated industry, approximates to something like an organic tissue. The hope of the future is that any exact investigation of one part will imply an adequate acquaintance with the whole. An able man, therefore, who has made himself an accomplished specialist, will even now be found to have in him the spirit of true culture. That is to say, he will regard his own subject as one province of a vast, perhaps an illimitable, empire.

In a certain sense all people who have developed their own nature to the utmost are specialists. We give the name, in-

deed, to botanists and oculists, palæographers and lepidopterists, because these men devote their faculties to very strongly demarcated fields of study. But, if we regard the problem from the point of view of personality, the specialist is one who applies the whole of his energies to the single task for which he is specially qualified. I mean it is no less a speciality in philosophers like Hegel, Comte, and Herbert Spencer, to attempt the co-ordination of all human knowledge in one system, than it is a speciality in men like Ehrenberg and Edison to concentrate their attention upon infusoria and electricity. Both types of individuals, those who strive to embrace the whole, and those who delve into a portion, stand in the same need of culture. I am speaking of culture now under its moral aspect, as teaching us to measure any man's littleness against the vastness of the whole. Auguste Comte, to take an example of one sort, was deficient in the spirit of real culture, because he thought he could reconstitute religion on a fanciful basis. Darwin was not deficient in this spirit of real culture, because he published his epoch-making theory as a simple hypothesis, restraining himself to rigorous inductions, and to limited deductions within a certain sphere of knowledge. No one was more aware than Darwin that he had made a serious contribution to his own branch of science. But no one was more conscious of the immense dark sphere of inscrutabilities surrounding the little spark of light he had evoked.

I must repeat that culture is not an end in itself. It prepares a man for life, for work, for action, for the reception and emission of ideas. Life itself is larger than literature, than art, than science. Life does not exist for them, but they for life. This does not imply that it is better to be a man of no culture than a man of culture. The man of culture is obviously capable of living to more purpose, of getting a larger amount out of life, than the man of no culture. He can also judge more fairly in all cases of comparative criticism. Still, I am unable to perceive that the refinements of the intellect on any line of its development involve an ennobling or a strengthening of the human being. Given individuals of equal calibre, as many wise men may be found among the artisans and peasants as among reputed *savants*. Household proverbs are not unfrequently a safer guide to conduct than the aphorisms of professors. We all of us probably have known flawless characters, men, as the Greeks said,

"four-cornered without defect," who have not enjoyed the privileges of education. The life of no great nation lies either in humanism or science. The arts and literature of Italy in the sixteenth century did not make her powerful or virtuous. The so-called progress to which she is now sacrificing the monuments of her past, a progress dominated by scientific notions, has substituted ugliness and vulgarity for beauty and distinction, without adding an iota to her strength or general intelligence. We ought not to despise culture. The object of this article is to demonstrate its value. But the nearer a man has come to possessing it, the less will he over-estimate acquirements or accumulations of knowledge, the more importance will he attach to character, to personality, to energy, to independence.

At this point it may be useful to glance at the polemic which Walt Whitman, the prophet-poet of democracy, used to carry on against culture. His arguments, to a large extent, miss their mark, because they are directed against the vulgar conception of culture, as an imitative smattering, a self-assertiveness of so-called cultivated people. He has ignored the higher significance which may be given to the word, and which I have sought to bring forth. Yet much that he said is worthy of attention. He endeavored to enforce the truth that a great and puissant nation does not live by sensibility and knowledge, but by the formation of character, by the development of personal energy. "What is our boasted culture?" he asks. Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work American art, American drama, taste, etc.?" Culture is good in its way; but it is not what forms a manly personality, a sound and simple faith. "As now taught, accepted, and carried out, are not the processes of culture rapidly creating a class of supercilious infidels, who believe in nothing?" "Shall a man lose himself in countless masses of adjustments, and be so shaped with reference to this, that, and the other that the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and chipped away, like the bordering of box in a garden?" The only culture which is of service to a nation must aim less at polish than at the bracing of character. "It must have for its spinal meaning the formation of typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of men, and not restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses." To the man of letters he exclaims:—

What is this you bring?
Is it not something that has been better told
or done before?
Have you not imported this, or the spirit of
it, in some ship?
Is it not a mere tale? a rhyme? a prettiness?

And again:—

Rhymes and rhymers pass away, poems distilled from poems pass away;
The swarms of reflectors and the polite pass,
and leave ashes;
Admirers, importers, obedient persons, make
but the soil of literature.

The pith of his contention lies in the following admonition, which breathes the spirit of an antique Spartan or Roman: "Fear grace, elegance, civilization, delicatessen," Shun the atmosphere which enfeebles, the learning which encumbers, the customs and traditions which trammel independence. Prophetic utterances of this sort are apt to be exaggerated. It is good, however, that cultured people should be told not to let culture draft them into cliques and coteries, separate them from the people, blunt them to the main thought-currents and vital interests of their age.

No great and spontaneous growths of art have arisen in an age of erudition and assimilation. The Greek drama, the Gothic style of architecture, the romantic drama of Elizabethan England, were products not of cultivated taste, but of instinctive genius. There is profound truth in what Herder taught to the young Goethe, that really great poetry has always been the product of a national spirit, and not the product of studies confined to a select few.

No one feels this more than one who, like myself, has devoted a large portion of his life to the history of that period which developed modern culture. I mean the Italian Renaissance. Humanism inflicted an irreparable damage on the national literature of Italy. It impeded the evolution of the mother-tongue by the preference given to composition in dead languages. It caused an abrupt division between the learned classes and the people. When men of genius began again to use Italian for great works of art, they found themselves hampered in two ways. They were clogged with classical reminiscences and precedents. They were separated from popular sympathy and deprived of popular support. The masterpieces of their predecessors, Petrarch and Boccaccio, had become classics, and were slavishly imitated. It was not in the lyric or the drama, but in the plastic arts, that the national genius

of the Italians expressed itself during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Germany presents a parallel instance. It is in music that the modern Germans have displayed their national originality. Yet the Germans have been the most thoroughly cultivated of the European nations during the last century and a half. That is to say, they have worked at both branches of culture, humanism and science, with the greatest diligence, and have applied both to literary studies with the most philosophical breadth of intelligence. It cannot be said, however, that the creative literature of this cultured race, in poetry, oratory, the drama, and the novel, taken as a whole, has been of the highest order. It is true that their representative man of genius, the Olympian Goethe, was essentially a poet of culture; and he shows to what altitudes the cultivated intellect may climb, when it resides in a noble and exceptionally gifted personality. Goethe towers so markedly superior to all the other poets of culture upon German soil, that his example tests the rule,

Some of these sayings may sound hard in an age and country where culture appears to have superseded originality. They seem especially intended to discourage those of us who are doomed by the limitations of our nature to be critics, men of learning, taste, assimilation. We must comfort ourselves by reflecting that it is impossible to transcend the conditions of the times we live in, or the limits of our personality.

Society would reach something like perfection if each individual succeeded in self-effectuation, fulfilling the law of his own nature, and being distinguished from his neighbors by some marked quality, some special accomplishment. The concord of divers instruments constitutes the music of a symphony. The blending of distinct personalities creates the finest mental and moral harmony. To some extent, of course, this result is attained wherever human beings are associated. But we suffer too much from the tyranny of majorities, the oppression of custom, the gregarious instincts of commonplace and timid persons. As I have already tried to demonstrate, true culture tends to the differentiation of individualities, by enabling people to find out what they are made for, what they can do best, what their deepest self requires for its accomplishment. True culture is never in a condescending attitude. It knows that no kind of work, however trivial, ought to be regarded with contempt. People who

carve cherry-stones, dance ballets, turn rondeaux, are as much needed as those who till the soil, lead Cabinets, or fabricate new theories of the universe. True culture respects hand-labor upon equal terms with brain-labor, the mechanic with the inventor of machinery, the critic of poetry with the singer of poems, the actor with the playwright. The world wants all sorts, and wants each sort to be of the best quality. True culture knows that the quality cannot be first-rate when the species is looked down upon. On the other hand, false culture, the kind against which Walt Whitman prophesies, encourages the growth of prigs who despise folk because they do not pursue some branch of industry which is conventionally regarded as being higher in the scale than others. It makes Pharisees, who feel themselves superior to their neighbors, because these people do not belong to their own set, their own coterie, their own creed, and so forth.

The liberality and width of toleration upon which I am insisting as signs of true culture do not imply a facile acquiescence in every doctrine or in every mode of living. True culture does not prevent a man from being pugnacious, ready to fight for his opinions, eager to conquer in what he regards as the right cause. In the universal symphony strife is no less important than concord. Fully developed personalities cannot co-exist and energize together without clash and conflict. Innovation works with conservatism, powers of revolution and of progress combine with stationary or retrogressive forces, to keep the organism in a state of active energy. As Empedocles put it, both love and hate are necessary to the balance of the cosmic sphere. Culture prepares us to acquiesce in this state of things as part of the universal order. While recognizing our own right and duty to struggle for the truth as we perceive it, we acknowledge the same right and the same duty in our opponents. For some reason hidden from our mortal ken the world was meant to be so governed. Phenomenal existence is in a perpetual state of becoming; becoming implies cohesion and dissolution; both processes involve contention. All the soldiers in all the armies, if they act with energy, sincerity, disinterested loyalty, serve one lord and master.

There is, therefore, no reason to fear that the higher culture should involve men in supercilious indifference, or cynical acceptance, or the Buddhistic inertia of contemplation.

From Temple Bar.
THE FIRST AND LAST DAYS OF THE
BROAD GAUGE.

"The spirit of the time shall teach me speed,"
King John iv. 2.

I.

It was on the 9th of January, 1838, that the first broad gauge engine, the Vulcan, made its trial trip in England.

At that time only seven or eight miles of the Great Western Railway were available even for experimental purposes; these lay between West Drayton and the "dog-kennel bridge" near Taplow. Yet so rapid was the progress made in the construction of the two chief arteries of traffic, that despite the novelty of the work, the absence of engineering data or precedents, the abrupt demand for iron when rolling-mills were scarce, and legal and Parliamentary hindrances, in five years the London and Birmingham Railway was built, and in four the Great Western from London to Bristol. The construction of the principal canals in Great Britain occupied half a century, but the principal railways (except the Great Northern) were constructed in less than ten years.

The first engines for the new line were delivered by canal or river, at West Drayton or Maidenhead respectively, and on the 4th of June, 1838, the railway was opened from the temporary station near Bishop's Road, Paddington, to Maidenhead.*

The first broad-gauge engines were tentative in character and had very large wheels, from eight to ten feet in diameter, but with small cylinders and insufficient boiler power. One or two of the early broad gauge locomotives were still more ambitious, and by means of toothed gearing the size of the driving wheels were made equal to twelve and even eighteen feet.† As might be imagined, these engines were a constant source of anxiety, and they frequently had to be repaired during the night to be in readiness for the next day's work. A few months later, Mr. Gooch, the locomotive engineer of the line, was asked to prepare specifications for a more powerful and simpler class of engine; and early in 1840 the Firefly class came into use and ran at a speed of sixty miles an hour with a heavy train attached.

* When the railway was first opened as far as Maidenhead, the celebrated Bath passenger coach, the Beaufort Hunt, used to travel up and down from Maidenhead to London on a truck.

† In Mr. Ackworth's interesting volume on the "Railways of England," some description of the Hurricane and Thunderer, two of these locomotives of exceptional build, will be found on pages 253-4.

In these early days of railways when trains were few and ran at long intervals, and the telegraph had not come into use, great risks were run through want of knowledge of the position of the trains. To give at random two instances of this:—

The philosopher Babbage in his life records on one occasion on a Sunday, the only day available for experiments, that he arrived at the terminus a few minutes before the time appointed, and was told by the official placed at his disposal that he was to travel on the north line [*i.e.*, the up one].

As this was an invasion of the usual regulations I inquired very minutely into the authority upon which it rested. Being satisfied on this point, I desired him to order out my train immediately. He returned with the news that the fireman had neglected his duty, but that the engine would be ready in less than a quarter of an hour. The officer took pains to assure me that there was no danger on whichever line we might travel, as there could be no engine except our own on either line until five o'clock in the evening. A messenger arrived soon after to inform me that the obstructions had been removed, and that I could now pass upon the south which was the proper line.

While we were conversing together, my ear, which had become peculiarly sensitive to the distant sound of an engine, told me that one was approaching. I mentioned it to the railway official—he did not hear it, and said: "Sir, it is impossible." "Whether possible or impossible," I said, "an engine *is* coming; and in a few minutes we shall see its steam." The sound soon became evident to both, and our eyes were anxiously directed to the expected quarter. The white cloud of steam now faintly appeared in the distance; I soon perceived the line it occupied, and then turned to watch my companion's countenance. In a few minutes more I saw it slightly change, and he said: "It is indeed on the north line."

Knowing that it would stop at the engine house, I ran as fast as I could to that spot. I found a single engine, from which Brunel, covered with smoke and blacks, had just descended. We shook hands, and I inquired what brought my friend here in such a plight. Brunel told me that he had posted from Bristol to meet the only train at the furthest point of the rail then open, but had missed it. "Fortunately," he said, "I found this engine with its fire up, so I ordered it out, and have driven it the whole way up at the rate of fifty miles an hour."

I then told him that but for the merest accident of a delay I should have met him on the same line at the rate of forty miles, and that I had attached to my engine my experimental carriage, and three wagons with thirty tons of iron. I inquired what course he would have pursued if he had perceived another engine

meeting him upon his own line? Brunel said in such a case he should have put on all the steam he could command, with a view to driving off the opposite engine by the superior velocity of his own.

Incidentally, the extract above is an indication of the great changes which have taken place in the outskirts of London. It would be difficult now to hear or see an engine at any similar distance from a London terminus.

The second illustration is given in the recently published selection from the diaries of Sir Daniel Gooch* (p. 49), and has reference to the summer of 1841.

Only one line of rails through the Box Tunnel was complete on the first days open,† and the trains had therefore to be worked through it on a single line. I undertook to accompany all the trains through the tunnel, and did so the first day and night, also the second day, intending to be relieved when the Mail came down on the second night. At about eleven o'clock that night, we had a very narrow escape from a fearful accident. I was going through the tunnel with the last up-train, when I fancied I saw some green lights placed as they were in front of our trains. A second's reflection convinced me that it was the Mail coming down. I lost no time in reversing the engine I was on, and running back to Box Station with my train as quickly as I could, when the Mail came down behind me. The policeman at the top of the tunnel had made some blunder, and sent on the train when it arrived there. Had the tunnel not been pretty clear of steam we must have met in full career, and the smash would have been fearful, cutting short my career also!

It is unfortunate that Sir Daniel Gooch's diaries appear only in an abridged form, as they would otherwise throw a most interesting light upon the early days of a new epoch in which he took a more conspicuous part behind the scenes than is generally known, having from the modesty of his disposition kept in the background.

Writing in 1838-9, Sir Daniel says:—

When I look back upon that time it is a marvel to me that we escaped serious accidents! It was no uncommon thing to take an engine out on the line to look for a late train that was expected, and many times have I seen the train coming and reversed the en-

gine, and ran back out of its way as quickly as I could. What would be said of such a mode of proceeding now?

And the speeds run in those days were not to be lost sight of. In previous numbers of *Temple Bar** some instances have been given of these, and we find from the work just quoted from† that on the 19th July, 1843, a train with the prince consort came up from Bristol to London in two hours and four minutes (one hundred and eighteen miles).‡

I was in a compartment [says Babbage] in conversation with three eminent engineers when one of them remarked the unusual speed of the train; my neighbor on my left took out his watch and noted the time of passage of the distance posts, whence it appeared that we were then travelling at the rate of seventy-eight miles an hour.

Sir Thomas Acland on one occasion left Exeter at 5.20 P.M. and was speaking in the House of Commons a little after ten the same evening.

Great as the speeds then were on the broad gauge (and the Great Western was the pioneer of fast travelling, and its Exeter Express of 1845 was far in advance of that on any other line, and only a quarter of an hour slower than that of to-day), further improvements were still to be made, and in 1846 engines of the Lord of the Isles and Great Britain class were introduced, which have never been excelled, unless by the still more colossal engines in use for a time on the Bristol and Exeter Railway.

These magnificent engines (which were originally built with an iron sentry box at the end of the tender for a third man on the lookout) continued in use until a few weeks ago. A pair of these locomotives should be mounted, under cover, one at each end of the Paddington platform (on a marble pedestal and protected by low railings) as a record of the past greatness of the line. For power, speed, or safety, they have never been approached, and a striking instance of this was shown by the behavior of the Prometheus at West Drayton in 1874, through which many lives were spared.

Though impossible to improve upon these engines during the succeeding half century, great changes took place in other railway matters.

* *Temple Bar* for January, 1884, and September, 1885.

† Diaries of Sir Daniel Gooch, p. 52.

‡ This was before the Great Western suffered from the incubus of the Swindon Refreshment Rooms.

* London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 1892.

† "Box Tunnel," says Sir Daniel Gooch, "had a very pretty effect for the couple of days it was worked as a single line from the number of candles used by the men working on the unfinished line; it was a perfect illumination extending through the whole tunnel nearly two miles long."

Brunel's caustic letter to an eminent geologist in 1842 on the subject of this tunnel will be remembered by many readers of his life.

The electric telegraph (at first regarded by the public as merely a toy, and inspected as a curiosity at a charge of one shilling and schools half price) came gradually into practical use, a system of signalling grew up, and revolving discs, of picturesque shape, when lofty and pierced through, gradually gave way to semaphores — the signal cabin and its accompanying ink-pot and register came into being; points were operated from the cabins instead of *in situ*, and afterwards were interlocked; trains were advised by telegraph, open carriages gave way to closed ones, luggage was put into vans instead of being stowed upon the roof; slip-coaches, saloon, dining, and sleeping carriages, and American cars came into fashion, and were mounted upon easy "bogie" trucks; and vacuum or compressed air-brakes supplanted the less powerful hand-brakes. The "block" system (protection by distance instead of by time, which was only theoretical) was adopted. One-sided stations were gradually weeded out, and with the advent of relief lines fast traffic separated from slow. On some lines even water is caught up in the tenders of the engines without any stoppage taking place. The iron railings and Continental restrictions in regard to platforms were abolished, unless perhaps at Newcastle-on-Tyne or at a few antiquated South Eastern stations, or London stations of the smaller companies, and through bookings and through carriages instituted, and competing routes brought into play.

This country has reaped to the full the benefit of private enterprise, and the traveller can the more appreciate these benefits when he compares them with the discomfort* and stagnation of State governed railways abroad.

II.

THE burden which the obstinacy of Stephenson has imposed for all time upon this and other countries has already begun to be severely felt with the ever-increasing demands of developing traffic.† The costly extravagance of the engineer of the Kilsby mistake had, however, its apparent triumph for a time, and narrow gauge lines were adopted in the centre

* Amongst other inconveniences on the Continent a prominent place may be given to the over-heated carriages, so injurious to health, and one heard with much regret of some experiments with steam-warmed carriages last winter on the Midland.

† An instance of this may be noticed daily in London in the over-crowded carriages on the Metropolitan Railway altered from broad to narrow gauge.

and north of England.* No account was to be taken of the future requirements of transit, and a dimension arrived at by haphazard was allowed to control the railway destinies of the country!

Safety, speed, and comfort were taken but little account of.† Economy still less! For every two wide gauge trains three narrow had to be run; for the wages of every six men the wages of nine had to be substituted for all time; and extra fuel and oil to be consumed, besides wear and tear of rails and signals more frequently in use, and the difficulty of "crossing" more trains on single lines. Against the greater carrying power of the superior gauge merely has to be set the width of the line four feet additional — or less than half an acre on each mile run.

At a large public dinner [says Babbage] I sat next to George Stephenson. . . . I felt that the fairest opportunity I could desire of ascertaining my friend's real opinion of the gauge had now arrived. "Now, Mr. Stephenson," I said, "will you allow me to ask you to suppose for an instant that no railways whatever existed, and yet that you were in possession of that large amount of knowledge which you have derived from your experience. Under such circumstances, if you were consulted respecting the gauge of a system of railways about to be inaugurated, would you advise the gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches?" "Not exactly that gauge," said the creator of railroads; "I would take a few inches more, but a very few." I was quite satisfied with this admission (from the champion of the narrow-gauge), though I confess it reminded me of the frail one who, when reproached by her immaculate friend with having had a child, an ecclesiastical license not being first obtained — urged, as an extenuating circumstance, that it was such a *very* small one.

For reasons of policy, however, the broad gauge system was doomed in the hour of its success.‡ It got as far north as Birmingham in 1852, and trains by a longer route of one hundred and twenty-nine miles actually arrived in the same time as those by the direct route (one

* I also acknowledge having on many occasions differed with Stephenson (and that in common with almost all other engineers), because it appeared to me he did not look on the concern with a liberal and expanded view, but with a microscopic eye, magnifying details, and pursuing a petty system of parsimony very proper in a private colliery, or in a small undertaking, but wholly inapplicable to this national work. (Vignoles. Life, p. 117.)

† Among striking examples of lives saved on the broad gauge, refer to the reports on the Langley (1845), Bullo (1868), West Drayton (1874), or Bourton (1876) accidents. Had these occurred on the narrow gauge, it is terrible to contemplate the loss of life or injury which must have taken place.

‡ No less than fifteen hundred miles of broad gauge line were laid before a change of policy took place.

hundred and thirteen miles) on the narrow gauge.

This northern extension was the first to be discontinued on account of an amalgamation with a great number of narrow gauge lines which shortly afterwards took place in the Midlands. The South Wales line, to avoid transhipment of coal, etc., was next converted in 1872,* and a year or two later, 1874, the Weymouth section and lines in the south of England.

The luxury of such travelling combined as it was with an ideal road laid on massive longitudinal baulks of timber † [instead of the vibratory cross-sleepers commonly employed, to the fatigue and detriment of health of persons sensitive to the jarring action they give rise to, in more or less degree, according to the style in which the road is maintained and the weight and quantity of material put in] was not willingly surrendered by those resident in the big cities and towns of the west of England, and it was not until the present summer that any change was made with a view to render uniform the gauge throughout England, Wales, and Scotland.‡

Preparations, however, had been on foot for many years; carriages, and even engines, were built of narrow gauge pattern and mounted temporarily on broad gauge wheels.§

III.

As some mention has been made recently in the papers of an intention on the part of the London and South Western Railway to close the most important part of their line approaching London for three days to alter the points in a distance of some two miles, one was curious to know how long the Great Western would be in altering the gauge of over two hundred miles of line in the west of England, as according to the same calculation, even if the work was merely confined to points, the time required would have been over three hundred days.

Notice, however, appeared that the conversion would be effected on Saturday,

* On which occasion the traffic was carried on for nearly a fortnight on a single line of rails, while the other was being altered.

† "I am more and more convinced," says Vignoles in one of his reports, "that the true principle of forming the upper works of a railway is by placing the rails sustained throughout the entire length upon wood."

‡ A few purely local lines do not enter into consideration, such as for instance the Festiniog Slate Railway.

§ The gauge commissioners appointed by Parliament in 1845 in their report said: "We feel it a duty to observe here that the public are mainly indebted for the present rate of speed and the increased accommodation of the railway carriages to the genius of Mr. Brunel and the liberality of the Great Western Company."

May 21, and Sunday, May 22. The usual service of trains would run (broad gauge) on Friday, and the same (narrow gauge) on Monday.

That it should be possible to effect so great a change in such a limited space of time was alone due to the perfectness of the organization, and the pains bestowed upon every detail beforehand. Every bolt and screw throughout the system was taken off beforehand, oiled, and temporarily replaced; the transoms were measured and the place marked where they were to be sawn through; the ballast was dug out, and in special places a third rail put in at crossings, points, tunnels, and gradients. Time-tables were prepared for the withdrawal of the old rolling-stock, and large reserves of engines, carriages, and trucks of the new pattern parked at Swindon.

On Thursday, May 19th, several thousand men began to arrive from different parts of the system in special trains to reinforce the ordinary local staff, and brought with them tents, straw, food, and tools. On Friday the new men took a preliminary survey of the work to be done, and altered some of the sidings in the goods yards, and began, later in the day, to cut through some of the transoms.

Their white tents, supplied from London, were pitched at intervals by the rail-side and stood out conspicuously, sometimes against the blue sea and red cliffs near Dawlish, sometimes against the fresh May green of the Devonshire woodlands.

Friday was the final day of the full size gauge, and crowds of people assembled at various points along the line to witness the passing of the last broad gauge train, and the express to Plymouth was said to have been photographed upwards of a hundred times during its journey.

The very engines appeared self-conscious of the impending change, and the Lightning, or Amazon proudly swept past in irresistible might without a tremor in the nearly silent majesty of a power which seemed almost exerted without effort, so great was the energy and momentum of their giant force.

The countenances of their drivers were serious, and at stopping-stations farewell salutations were regretfully exchanged. At some of the larger stations veteran *employés*, some, no doubt, from their grey hair and venerable appearance, on half-pay, came to gaze for the last time on the colossal proportions of a past era, with the vicissitudes and successes of which they had themselves been identified.

Nor were the public at large less inter-

ested, and every point of vantage along the line was occupied on the morrow by spectators. At Ashburton, when the last train left, the locomotive was enveloped in crape by the Portreevine of that ancient town. At other places fog signals were discharged by the passage of the train.

There will be many mourners [said the *Times*] in all parts of the world at the death of the famous broad gauge express engines, the width of whose boilers and fireboxes makes them impossible on a narrow gauge road. Full of years and honors they pass to their well-earned rest, for their ages ranging from thirty-five to forty-six years, have already far surpassed the allotted span of locomotive life, and the elder brother of the family, the Great Britain can claim the proud distinction of being the father of every great express now running in the world, from the Orient Express to the Washington Limited. In 1845 when other companies were quite content with speeds of thirty or at best thirty-five miles an hour, the express to Bristol took two hours and forty minutes. In 1892 the best narrow gauge express to Birmingham, which is five miles nearer London, takes but five minutes less. To Exeter the time was four hours and a half, and the best express to-day to Liverpool, practically the same distance, is four hours and twenty minutes. And it is not speed only for which we have to thank the broad gauge. The huge Great Western carriages, as they were then considered, mounted on six wheels,* and in which—such was the tale the wondering travellers told—a man could actually stand upright, were the lineal ancestors of the luxurious dining and sleeping saloon cars of to-day, and it was the Great Western also which first admitted second class passengers to its crack trains.

The broad gauge died game. The last night express to Plymouth went forward though it did not arrive until after midnight on Saturday morning, and a few minutes only after its arrival the peremptory order was given to clear the road of all wide gauge stock, and it had forthwith to recommence its journey back to Swindon.

The evacuation of the line and mobilization of the rolling-stock in the night of Friday-Saturday, partook of the character of a military movement. Positive orders

were issued from Swindon that not a vehicle was to be left behind, and in consequence a continual stream of trains poured through all night on their eastward journey. Every branch gave up its stock, and by its varied character gave some index to the daily life and occupations of its inhabitants.

Fish trucks from St. Ives or cattle trucks from the moorland branches were sandwiched between long series of ghostly empty trains of passenger vehicles. Occasionally through the summer night, a train of sick engines from the locomotive depots at Newton Abbot or Plymouth, some of which had not been exposed to daylight for many years, ran through. Ancient patterns of vehicles were brought to light in which the history of many past transitions were as legibly written as the information perhaps conveyed to a geologist by the discovery of a particular type of fossil. Torquay and Plymouth, on the other hand, yielded specimens of the most modern types. So punctually were all orders carried out, that in a few hours only the entire rolling-stock of a large railway was "called in," without any hitch or delay, though part of the line being single gauge, way had to be made occasionally for westward trains also.

The last of the leviathans was due to reach Exeter at 4 A.M. on Saturday, but it was nearly an hour afterwards when it arrived in charge of one of the superior officials of the company. As it stopped at each place on its journey a printed notice was left with the station-master. "*This is the last broad gauge train to travel over the line between Penzance and Exeter,*" and the station-master in turn then filled in a printed certificate handing over his portion of the line to the representative of the engineering department from Swindon. Thus by night were the death-warrants of Brunel's masterpiece signed.

As the first streaks of daylight appeared on Saturday the men assembled all along the line from Exeter to Truro, and on the branch lines also, and commenced work on the down line. The previous evening they had sawn through the transoms on the up line, and the last thirty trains ran through in perfect safety and without undue oscillation on the massive longitudinals of the Brunel framework, without cross timbers, without iron ties, and without the surrounding ballast. Commencing soon after three o'clock, one portion of the line was levered into its new position by breakfast time, and by

* All the other early railways, servilely following the pattern of horse vehicles, adopted the uncomfortable four-wheeled coaches still unfortunately to be met with, and which, besides their unsteadiness, are veritable death-traps in event of any axle giving way—especially a leading one. The Bristol and Exeter carriages were exceptionally well constructed with double roofs to keep off the heat in summer, and with double windows to admit air but reject draught or dust. The second window was composed of very fine wire gauze, through which the air was filtered by the rapid motion of the train.

midday no trace of broad gauge was left. The new track, puny and insignificant by contrast, had taken its place.

At one o'clock on Saturday the distant smoke of a locomotive was seen in the distance, and shortly afterwards the first narrow gauge engine on the main line of the South Devon Railway made its appearance, creeping along cautiously on the new road not yet fully consolidated. In less than ten hours from the start it was possible to run vehicles of the new pattern over the line, a striking testimony to the strength and diligence of the plate-layers.

The weather, also, was all that could be desired, excellent light, fine weather, without excess of heat, and with a refreshing breeze, permitting every exertion to be made. Much, however, had still to be done. The cant of the curves had to be readjusted in consequence of the alteration, the screwing up of the ties to be completed, points reconnected, ballast put back, and defective parts of the new line repacked, so that some work still remained to be completed on Sunday.

The broad gauge stock which reached Swindon on Saturday occupied many miles of sidings, temporarily laid down in readiness for the occasion. These were filled by a serried mass of passenger carriages, goods wagons, and in another part, silent and deserted engines, from the big Dragon to the little four-wheeled Owl. Passenger carriages, built as narrow gauge ones, were lifted in a few hours from their broad gauge bogie trucks and lowered upon new ones of smaller width, and these were running again at the beginning of the week. A good many of the hermaphrodite engines — built to serve for either gauge — were also converted in a few days and equally promptly restored to active service.

On Saturday and Sunday special arrangements were in force for the carriage of the mails, and the night mail — between Exeter and Plymouth — ran over the London and South Western metals. West of Plymouth mails were conveyed by steamer. Some narrow gauge rolling-stock was also brought to Plymouth by the Okehampton route for service on Monday.* Shortly after midnight on Sunday, thanks to the engineering feat which had been so successfully performed, the re-occupation of the line took place, train after train of empty vehicles in swift succession passing

through to come on active duty on Monday morning. Indeed, so excellent were the arrangements made that all the usual trains ran on time on that day as if nothing had happened, and Mr. Foxwell — not easily satisfied in the matter of expresses — was able to record in a London newspaper that one of the principal up-trains was even checked for being before time.*

New rolling-stock of a very comfortable pattern was brought into use, and Midland and North Western carriages appeared at Torquay for the first time on Monday.

An extra service of narrow gauge trains was called into requisition on Tuesday to convey home the additional force of plate-layers and gangers who had arrived the previous week in broad gauge trains. Out of the whole number fortunately only three casualties were recorded.

Accustomed to judge our army by the appearance of the noisy and disorderly striplings left behind at home, instead of the full-grown and well-set-up men on service abroad, the accumulation in one locality of so large a body of disciplined men in a few hours was a significant plea for long service.

The fatiguing work performed with so much will and alacrity by these vigorous fellows, laboring for nearly seventeen hours at a stretch, showed what reserve material exists in the country in event of any contingency, and it is greatly to their credit that not a single man was met with noisy, quarrelsome, or drunk.

These men, whose average of age appeared about thirty, were drafted from different parts of England and Wales served by the Great Western, and some of

* Mr. Foxwell's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* was couched in the following words: "It has been said that sudden conversions are never to be relied upon. No one would assent to this proposition after travelling in the up Cornishman to-day. This train is timed to leave Penzance at 11.10, and to reach Paddington at 7.50. Considering the extraordinary character of the line from Penzance to Exeter (132 miles), this represents a sufficiently hard task. To-day, therefore, being the first on which the Cornish express was to run narrow gauge, over a track which had just been changed from broad gauge in the twinkling of an eye, no one (except the drivers) thought it possible for the train to keep time, at any rate along the section from Truro to Plymouth, which is composed (or decomposed) of incessant curves and thirty-three trestle viaducts."

"However, it was on this section that we did best, for at each stopping station we had to wait till our time was up, and then we ran into North Road too soon. Not once were we checked by any weak spot in the road so recently relaid. Finally, after being snubbed all the way up for being too forward, we shut off steam two and a half miles outside Paddington, and stopped at the platform at 7.46 — that is, four minutes before our time."

"In spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, I am content to be an Englishman just now."

"Yours truly,
"E. FOXWELL."

"May 23."

* A small quantity of narrow gauge stock had also been conveyed westward in "crocodile" trucks — ones with very low bodies.

them had never seen the sea before; one man, indeed, was overheard to express some indistinct ideas about the time of the tides being controlled from the general manager's office at Paddington, and was told instead that the times were fixed by the Admiralty!

Further alterations are on foot in South Devon which will permit shortly of improvements being made in the service of trains. The line was originally laid out for the atmospheric system, by which a temporary success and very high speed of travelling was attained on a single line, and the campanile towers at some of the stations still remain conspicuous landmarks and relics of a most ingenious scheme which broke down with the untimely death of its chief organizer Samuda before the perfecting of its operations.* The gradients beyond Newton are consequently not originally designed for locomotive traffic, and in Cornwall—from other causes, the configuration of the ground and lowness of the bankers' balance during the period of construction—there are also steep banks to be met with, as well as the picturesque bridges stepping boldly across ravine and valley (once a tracery of woodwork spars and now being gradually replaced by more solid and less artistic granite).

Progress is being made at several points, though much slower than it should be, with the doubling of the line on the east of Plymouth, and no doubt before long a heavier class of narrow gauge "mountain engine" than the ones temporarily in use will be adopted. The catlike agility of the Hunchbacks, as the short-wheel-based broad gauge locomotives in use west of Newton have sometimes been called, on the steeper gradients with a heavy load has to be matched by equally powerful narrow gauge engines of similar weight.

As the London and South Western are now entering Cornwall from Launceston, and approaching Bodmin and Truro, with running powers even to Penzance, this point is worthy of consideration, inasmuch as that company has of late years reconstructed its locomotive stock upon very powerful lines. (The great difficulty which the L. S. W. R. has to contend with is in the original building of the line, which resembles the teeth of a saw in its fre-

quent alternating gradients. Hence the fast trains constantly pant up one side of a hill and then rush down the other, with an amount of oscillation very trying to nervous people).

It is more than ever imperative now that the fast trains on the western line should cease stopping at Swindon,* and a further convenience might be afforded by the starting of the night mail trains an hour later from London, Penzance, and Milford. Indeed, a great portion of this time could be recovered upon the journey without much effort or danger of irregularity.

The extra "third rail" between Exeter and London, already alas, rusty, remains a few months longer the only evidence of the magnificent travelling of the past, but the great works of Brunel at Maidenhead, Hanwell, Box, Chepstow, Saltash, etc., remain as an imperishable monument to his genius. Another great work has also since been added in the link of communications, that of Hawkshaw and Walker, the Severn Tunnel. R. B.

* Legal difficulties might be overcome by the G. W. becoming in turn tenants of their own tenant at Swindon Station. They could afford to outbid any competitor, as the local profit upon refreshments could not be an object in comparison with the greater one at stake.

From The Argosy.

LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

EVERY one had always agreed in saying that Major Wodehouse was an excellent father. From the day of his young wife's death he had devoted himself to his son. He had been a young man himself then, but he had not thought it beneath his dignity to go into all the minutæ concerning the child's food and clothes; and the smart officer playing at horses with his baby boy, and a little later instructing him in the art of cricket, was considered quite a pretty sight at Aldershot.

And the major had met with no disappointing rebuffs at the hands of his off-spring. Jack Wodehouse loved his father heartily, and from the time when he toddled by daddy's side in a white frock and a scarlet sash, through the schoolboy stage when he had confided all his escapades and troubles to the governor, to the days of his full manhood, his father was his best and dearest friend. Jack, indeed, had refused to go into the army because he would not leave his father; for by the time the lad's profession began to be a

* It is, however, open to much doubt whether the action of the weather and of constant wear and strain on the apparatus could be counteracted. In the South Devon line the last was exceptionally great, as there was then no telegraph to give notice of the approach of trains, and a constant vacuum had to be kept up.

matter of discussion, the major had retired from the service, and had settled at a pretty place called Uplands in the village of Staunton, and Jack preferred to be articulated to a solicitor in the neighboring town and stay at home, than join the finest regiment in the world, and quit the man who had been to him father, mother, and brother all in one.

There had always been perfect harmony between these two; they had never had what people call words; no breath of dissension had ever marred their happiness. Nothing, indeed, had ever occurred to disturb their beautiful relations till one summer day when they met on the threshold of Mrs. Layard's house, each with flowers in his hand. Jack was two-and-thirty now, handsome and popular; and the major, who was twice his age, was handsome and popular too—tall, erect, with eyes that were still keen, and a moustache that was thick if it was iron-grey. The major's flowers had been tied by the gardener into a stiff bouquet; Jack's roses had been thrust æsthetically into a little basket. They were both evidently offerings, and as evidently offerings to be made to Mrs. Layard—a recent arrival in the village—or to her pretty daughter Kate. For the first time in his life Jack glared at his father, and for the first time in his life the major frowned at his son. But they had no time to speak, for the servant came quickly to the door and ushered them both into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Layard's drawing-room was cool and pretty, and full of sweet scents, partly of Indian fans and cedar-wood boxes, and partly of mignonette and pinks; and Miss Kate, coming forward to receive the gentlemen in a white gown with a rosebud at her waist, was a cool and pretty and sweet object.

"How good of you to come! I am so sorry my mother is out," she said, with a smile for both. "Let me give you some tea."

Now, thought Jack, was his father's opportunity. Would he express regret at Mrs. Layard's absence, and say that he had brought her some flowers?

"I have brought you a few roses, Miss Layard," said the young man in blunt haste. "I don't know if you care for roses, but if you will accept—"

"Indeed, I love roses!" she interrupted him. "How good of you to have thought of me! And how pretty they look in that basket!"

Then it was the major's turn.

"I am exceedingly sorry to miss Mrs. Layard," he said. ("So far, so good," thought Jack.) "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing her another day. But my call was really upon you, Miss Layard. I heard you say you were fond of picotees, and I have brought you two or three, if you will honor me by accepting them."

Kate was charmed. She thanked the major in the prettiest way imaginable, and looked at the scented blossoms as if she loved them. Then she poured out the tea, chatting brightly.

It would have been impossible to say which gentleman Kate preferred, or if indeed she preferred either. She was used to society, and she was seven or eight-and-twenty, and she knew quite well how to entertain a father and son without showing her own hand. So she inserted the tiniest *soufflon* of deference into her manner towards the major, and just the suggestion of pleasure-in-his-company into her way with Jack, and she satisfied neither, and filled both of them, for the first time, with ugly thoughts.

The major took his leave first, and it would have been noticeable to any one who had known them long that his exit was unnatural. Usually when the father and son paid calls together, the former would arise and say, "Well, my boy, I think we must be going," and Jack would respond cheerily and jump up willingly. But to-day the major said hesitatingly, "I don't know if you are coming, Jack;" and Jack, who had been listening vaguely to the chatter of Miss Kate's young brother, replied, "No, I'm just going to see this youngster's guinea-pigs, if Miss Layard will allow me."

So the major went home alone, heavy hearted, and that was a dismal evening at Uplands. Even the servant who waited at table marked the constrained conversation, and told the other domestics that "something was up." A great mountain of formality seemed suddenly to have sprung up between the two men. They talked certainly, but they talked as if they had been acquaintances. They were polite, and, being good-tempered men, they were not surly; but all the frankness and the fire had gone out of their intercourse. After thirty-two years of the closest affection, Love the Beautiful had stepped in and struck a discordant note.

After dinner, Jack murmured a few words about business, and withdrew to his own sitting-room. It was not a very comfortable apartment because, as a matter of fact, Jack never used it. His father's so-

called study had been the general living-room of the two ever since Uplands became their home, and there they had made themselves snug, and accumulated all their precious litter, and steeped the air with tobacco smoke, and been inordinately happy. But on this evening Jack felt that he must be alone, and he therefore stalked across the hall to the room which was called his, shut the door after him with a decided hand, and threw himself down in a leather armchair in no enviable mood. The major did much the same in the room opposite. He, too, shut the door upon his sorrow, and sat down sadly to ponder the situation.

At eleven o'clock, when the house was quiet and all the servants in bed, Jack presented himself in the study.

"Father," he said.

"Yes, my boy," replied the major, without looking round.

Somehow the major looked older. He was seated low down in his easy-chair, and his spare form seemed shrunken; his voice even sounded thinner. Jack stood and looked at him pitifully.

"Father, which of us two is to go away?" he asked at last.

"We will settle that to-morrow, my boy," replied the major.

Then he rose and drew himself up to his full height. If anything, he was taller than Jack, and he was very dignified.

"It is a misfortune, my boy," he said gently, "and, as you say, one of us must go away. We will settle which to-morrow. Now good-night, and God bless you!"

He bent forward and kissed Jack as if he had been still a little boy, and Jack returned the embrace.

"My dear, dear father!" he murmured.

"God bless you!" said the major again.

Then the two men lighted their candles and went up-stairs, parting at the major's door with a close hand-clasp.

An hour later the major softly opened his door and came down-stairs with a Gladstone bag in his hand. Entering his study, he wrote a short note, and, leaving it on the table, he cautiously opened the window and went out into the warm summer night.

Three hours afterwards, Jack also emerged noiselessly from his room and descended the stairs. He carried a small portmanteau, and in one hand he held a sealed envelope, which he deposited on the hall table. Then he let himself out into the fragrant morning air and disappeared rapidly down the drive.

When the servants came down the next morning, they found the front door unbolted and the study window open, and a note on the study table directed to Jack in the major's writing, and a note on the hall table directed to the major in Jack's writing. And the bedrooms of both gentlemen were empty, and some of their clothes and other necessities were gone. The butler hurried off to the station, and there learnt that his old master had left Staunton by the mail-train at 1 A.M., and that his young master had departed by the 4 A.M. train, and that both had booked to London. In despair, the man telegraphed to the hotel where Major Wodehouse and his son generally slept in town, to their bankers, and to Jack's office. But no one could throw any light upon the extraordinary event. The gentlemen had not been seen or heard of. Only an undated note reached Jack's partner in the afternoon, in which Jack stated that he had been imperatively called away by private affairs and hoped that his sudden absence would not be inconvenient. The astonished servants stood aghast, and they were still more astonished when upon the following day, two letters were delivered at Uplands, one bearing a French postmark and addressed by the major to his son, the other bearing a German postmark and addressed by Jack to his father.

It was evident that something had driven the two men apart, but that each believed the other to be at home, and Jack's partner took upon himself to desire the butler to go on as usual, saying that no doubt Major Wodehouse and Mr. John would soon return or communicate with their friends or servants.

But this hope proved fallacious. Every day or so letters came from the major to Jack, and from Jack to the major, always with a fresh postmark as if they were travelling without halt, the major's letters always from France, Jack's always from Germany. It was certain that each believed the other to be at home, and was eluding pursuit by constant movement, and by leaving no address at the temporary resting-places. Jack's partner wrote to both at various *postes restantes*, but got no answer, and presently he gave it up.

"It is a mere misunderstanding, not a quarrel," he told the butler. "Any one of these letters would give us the key to the mystery; but we have no right to open them, so long as we are assured by their regular arrival that both gentlemen are alive. Keep the place in order, and be sure one of them will turn up in time."

So a great pile of letters from France and Germany accumulated; and people talked a great deal about the disappearance of the major and his son, and made many surmises, and suggested numbers of more or less plausible hypotheses; and the summer grew to its height and waned into autumn, and autumn frosts and falling leaves began to herald the approach of winter; and still nothing was heard of the absentees; and as Uplands was situated a little off the highroad, out of sight became out of mind, and the affairs of the Wodehouses were canvassed less and less every day.

It was at this time, when the nuts were ripe and the Virginia creeper scarlet and the chrysanthemums in bloom, that Kate Layard began to look pale and languid, and to seem as if she were moped by life in the country, or as if, at all events, the air of Staunton did not suit her. Miss Kate's beauty did not diminish, but it assumed a very delicate character, and her little hand grew smaller, and the color in her cheeks came and went, like moonlight peeping through clouds. She coughed a little, and people wondered if there were consumption in the family, and what Mr. Layard had died of, and some even went so far as to commiserate Mrs. Layard on her daughter's failing health. But Mrs. Layard, whatever she guessed or knew, revealed no secrets.

"It was only the autumn weather," she declared. "Kate had been bred in London, and perhaps it was damp in the country during the fall of the leaf. She thought she would send her to Brighton for a week, or on a visit to some friends at Earl's Court."

But time went on, and Miss Kate went neither to Earl's Court nor Brighton. She looked fragile; but she was as discreet as her mother, and though she was unhappy and troubled, she always said that she was well, or at least that she only had a headache.

There came an afternoon in late October when the white mists hung low above the earth, when the red and yellow leaves lay rotting in heaps upon the ground, when only a robin's voice disturbed the melancholy silence, when all was still and damp, and the year seemed oppressed with the burden of its days. Kate had gone out, as she often did now—for the pensive evening suited her mood—after the afternoon tea, and almost mechanically her feet took her along the quiet road that led to Uplands. In summer this road was a cool and bowery place, where the trees

met overhead and the blue sky and the sunlight peeped merrily through here and there. But in autumn it was gloomy; the path was wet with recent rain, the gaunt, bare trees no longer protected from the heat but shut out the fading day; it was already night in this grove, and Kate felt almost relieved when she reached a gate leading into an open meadow. She went and leant against it, and surveyed the scene. There was Uplands, with its gables and chimneys rising above the trees; the placid fields lay before her; a dog bayed in the distance; the moon, almost at the full, was just rising above the horizon. Everything was unspeakably peaceful except Kate's heart. She glanced towards Uplands and sighed deeply. She had never even owned to herself why she had been miserable since the fair June day, when the major had come to her with his picotees, and Jack with his roses; but there are some things—facts of the heart mostly—that do not require open acknowledgment. Kate had kept some of the flowers that had been given to her on that day so long ago, and it seemed to her that their faint perfume followed her wherever she went. Perhaps it did, for she looked at the withered blossoms and fingered them every day.

She was still leaning against the gate when she became aware of a footstep that was coming towards her under the trees. She listened. It was a slow footstep, as of some one weary and out of heart, and as it drew nearer, she found that it was accompanied by a laboring breath, which came and went like a profound sigh. As the wayfarer came closer, she stepped out into the road to meet him. She was no coward, and she thought that here was some one, ill at ease like herself, whom she might assist.

In the gloom of the trees she descried the figure of an old man, walking at a laggard's pace and carrying a bag. In a few moments he had reached the open space by the gate where Kate stood, which was now flooded with moonlight. It was the major. He was a good deal aged, but Kate recognized him instantly, and with a little cry of joy she sprang to his side.

"Oh, Major Wodehouse, is it you?" she exclaimed.

"Kate! Miss Layard!" he said, trembling.

"Yes," cried she; "it is I—Kate Layard!"

"Kate Layard!" he repeated.

"Yes, Kate Layard. Oh, Major Wodehouse, don't you know me!" she cried.

"What is the matter with you? You look so strange. What have you been doing? and where, oh, where is your son?"

"Where is Jack?" faltered the major.

He staggered, and Kate, with a strength that she did not know she possessed, stretched out her hands and supported him.

"Dear Major Wodehouse, you look so ill and so tired," she said soothingly. "I am so glad to see you! Let me take your arm and help you home."

"But you said, Where is Jack?" said the major.

He seemed half dazed. He looked stupidly at her. In four months he had grown ten years older.

"Yes, dear Major Wodehouse," said Kate, trying to speak steadily through her tears. "He went away the same night that you did, and he has been travelling in Germany ever since. I believe there are hundreds of letters awaiting you from him. Oh, let us make haste and get to the house!"

"Jack went away the same night!" echoed the major. "My boy, my boy," he murmured, "you might have trusted me! You said, 'Which of us must go?' and you might have known I should be the one."

"But why had either of you to go away?" asked Kate, with irrepressible curiosity.

The major drew himself up till once more he was a fine man. In the moonlight he and Kate scanned each other.

"Kate!" he said solemnly and with old-fashioned courtesy, "I am not ashamed to say that my boy and I both aspired to the hand of the same dear and sweet lady. When I found it out, I resolved to go away, hoping that you and he would marry and be happy, and I wrote and wrote begging him to try and win you. But at last, my dear"—the major's voice faltered—"at last I could bear it no longer, for I have never been separated from my boy since he was born, and I hoped I might have the honor of calling you my daughter, and instead you tell me that my boy has fled."

Kate burst into a passion of weeping.

"Oh, Major Wodehouse," she sobbed, "I don't know what your son feels about me, but, whatever happens, let me be a daughter to you!"

Then the major kissed her tenderly.

"My dear," he said, "whatever happens I will be a father to you."

And she took his arm and guided his wearied footsteps to his own door.

An hour later, Kate and the major had read Jack's first note and most of his subsequent letters.

"My dear Father," the young man had written on the morning of his departure, "Kate Layard has come to be all the world to me, but I cannot forget that you have been all the world to me all my days before. So I am going. When I think you are married, I will wait in some place for news of you. Till then, I shall write, but push on, and leave no address."

"Believe me truly, dear Father,

"Your loving Son,
"J. W."

The succeeding letters were written in the same strain, and at last came several from Bonn impatient for replies.

The major groaned.

"Why didn't he trust me?" said he, over and over again.

"But you will write now?" suggested Kate; "or telegraph?"

"I will telegraph," said the major eagerly, opening the drawer where he kept telegraphic forms. "He will be at home the day after to-morrow, and you——"

"I," said Kate, blushing, "am going to Brighton to-morrow."

"What?" cried the major.

But he could say no more, for hurrying footsteps were heard in the hall and a voice that cried, "Where is he? Where is my father?"

And the major rushed out, and Kate sank half fainting into a chair.

I do not know exactly what Jack and the major said to each other, nor would it be fair—even if I knew—to relate the precise terms in which Jack spoke his hopes to Kate nor how Kate made answer. But I will say that Kate walked home in the moonlight on Jack's arm, and that the major looked after them without envy, and thought that, at past sixty, a daughter is better than a second wife.

The major appeared the next day, spruce and tall as ever, and nobody but Kate knew how nearly sorrow and separation had made an old man of him. As for Jack, when he read his father's first note and successive letters, he felt more inclined to cry than he had done since he was a little lad and lost a favorite marble. "I love Miss Layard," the major had written, "but I love you even more, my boy, and I retire. Win her, Jack, and God be with you both."

"A father's love is beyond words," he

said to Kate. "I ought not to have thwarted him."

"But you see, Jack, I loved you," returned Kate conclusively.

So the bridal was celebrated, and Jack's partner, who was the only other person who knew why the major and Jack had vanished, made a speech, in which he said words of such oracular significance that the bride blushed, and the bridegroom and his father exchanged glances of deep affection.

"In every incident of life," said this gentleman, "my partner Wodehouse and my friend the major have acted similarly. Even in their love affair—if it becomes me to tread on ground so sacred—it has been with them a case of 'Like father, like son.'"

FAYR MADOC.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

TOWN LIFE UNDER THE RESTORATION.

THE representation of places and people, whether we chance to be well acquainted with them, or whether we chance to be strangers to them, is almost certain to prove attractive. For one reason, the renewal of our own impressions, or the comparison of them with those of others, is well calculated to afford us considerable gratification. For another, we gladly embrace all the opportunities which present themselves of increasing the stock of knowledge which we possess respecting man and nature. In the case of foreign impressions, the invigorating air of youth breathes over us again from the new points of view, and in the freshness of emotion under which we regard objects which have long been as familiar to us as the clothes that we wear. Nor is it novelty alone, seeing that curiosity co-operates with reason. Great communities, as well as private individuals, are often equally inquisitive to know what their neighbors think and say respecting them. To men, individually, one of the greatest benefits to be derived from foreign travel is the tendency that it has to remove the film of vulgar and local prejudice by which their vision so often becomes obscured. The migration of an entire community is impossible, but the visits of educated and impartial strangers may, so far as this is concerned, prove equally effectual, promising that the people will be disposed to give careful consideration to what they may have to say upon its manners, its customs, and its institutions. During the

eighteenth century Britain was constantly visited by foreigners, and of these upwards of sixty published elaborate accounts of their sojourns among us, thus providing the student of the social condition of England during that eventful period with an inexhaustible storehouse of facts. It is to be wished that the same could be said of the second half of the seventeenth century. But it cannot. There was no lack of foreign visitors to our shores during that time, but they either did not see fit to record their experiences in print, or if they did, they have not survived to us. The number of those who actually published accounts of their perambulations through the land we live in between the accession of Charles II. in 1660 until the close of the seventeenth century, so far as we have been able to ascertain, does not amount to more than a dozen all told, and all their performances, without exception, are meagre and unsatisfactory to the last degree. Hence the student who desires to view the social condition of "this happy breed of men, this earth, this England," during that period, is deprived of those aids which lie so plentiful to his hand when he sits down to study the social condition of England during the succeeding century. He must either abandon the idea altogether, or set himself diligently to peruse the dramatic literature and other forms of light literature which the age produced, the journals, and other recondite sources of information, in order to familiarize himself with national manners and morals. He must become a veritable Autolycus—a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles, if he desires to behold "the very age and body of the times, his form and pressure."

Life in the English capital under the sway of Charles II. was a curious compound, and ranged from the grave to the gay, from the lively to the severe. It was by no means easy work. Seldom was the pursuit of pleasure attended by so much labor, seldom was the business of enjoyment found to be so exhausting. Daily life commenced very early and ended very late, and was perpetually renewed with unceasing regularity. The people of rank, from whom, indeed, the rest of society were content to take their ideas of what was fashion and what was not, rose very late in the day, although, probably, not much more so than their successors do in this latter quarter of the nineteenth century. Attire presented a most formidable obstacle. Moderns can have no conception, or at the best a very imperfect one,

of the time which a fashionable beau consumed in dressing himself for the day, nor of the numerous articles of which his attire was composed. That contrast of color between male and female apparel which is now so conspicuous, then hardly existed; and rank, wealth, and pretension were consequently distinguished only by costly and elaborate attire. This remark must not be understood to apply to the dandies and beaux who represented at successive periods the extremes and the eccentricities of fashionable costume. Any indications of that neutral dress, dissimilar neither as regards shape nor color, which practically places noblemen on a par with tradesmen, were entirely absent. Modes of attire were in common vogue which survive only in the court dress, in the civic pageantry, in the bright coats worn by huntsmen, and in the gorgeous hues of military uniforms. The pencils of the famous portrait painter, Sir Peter Lely, and of his successor, Sir Godfrey Kneller, have preserved for us not a few representations of the fashionable attire of the times in which they flourished, and abundant illustrations of it are afforded by the contemporary literature. Thus Randal Holmes in his notes on dress, preserved in the Harleian Library, and written about the accession of Charles II., furnishes the following description of a fashionable gentleman's dress: "A short-waisted doublet and petticoat breeches; the lining being lower than the breeches is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribands up to the pocket, and half their breadth upon the thigh; the waistband is set about with ribands, and the shirt hanging out over them." The hat was worn with a high crown, and was adorned with a plume of feathers. Long, drooping lace ruffles depended from the knee, and a rich falling collar of lace, with a cloak hung carelessly over the shoulders. High-heeled shoes tied with ribbons completed the attire of the Restoration beau. Of course, as may be supposed, all fine gentlemen did not dress precisely alike. Some decorated their persons with an infinite amount of finery; others exercised more economy in this respect. Not every fop of that age, for example, attired himself in form and fashion like to Beau Fielding—Handsone Fielding as he was styled by the Merry Monarch—the beau *par excellence* of his day. That individual, whenever he took his walks abroad, carried spoils on his person from all quarters of the globe. Some idea of the sumptuousness of his own apparel can be formed

from that which was worn by his footmen, whom he required to attend him in his progress through the streets clad in yellow liveries, relieved by black sashes wound round their bodies, and black feathers waving in their hats. It should be mentioned that under the Restoration all classes of the community wore their hair very long, allowing it to flow in natural ringlets around their shoulders; and so widely did this fashion prevail, that in the year 1664 the ample periwig or peruke was introduced into the country by the votaries of fashion, from the court of Lewis XIV., there being no English head of hair sufficiently luxuriant. Samuel Pepys, a careful observer of the contemporary fluctuations of fashionable attire, records in his "Diary" that the Duke of York appeared in public wearing a periwig for the first time on February 5, 1664, and that he beheld Charles wearing one for the first time on the 18th day of April. Nearly about the same time, too, the crowns of men's hats began to be lowered, and the fashion crept in of laying feathers upon their brims. It cannot, however, be said that any very important changes in English male attire were effected until fully six years after the Restoration. In the year 1666, Charles was heard solemnly to announce in council his firm determination to adopt a certain habit which he was steadfastly resolved never to alter; and for the gratification of the curiosity of those who may be interested in the details of antique attire, we may say that this wonderful habit consisted of a long, close vest of black cloth or velvet, pinked with white satin, over which was thrown a loose surcoat or tunic of an Oriental character, and buskins or brodequins in place of the time-honored shoes and stockings. According to the diary of Evelyn, the king "solemnly" attired himself in his new habit on the 18th day of October, and the gossiping Pepys, who allowed little, if indeed anything, to escape his notice, made, under date of the preceding day, the following entry in his "Diary": "The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans (Jermyn) not pinked, but plain black; and they say the king says the pinking or white makes them look too much like magpies, so hath bespoke one of plain velvet." We are further told by Evelyn that not a few of the courtiers and high-souled gentlemen about the English court presented their sovereign on that occasion with gold, as a sort of wager that he would never adhere to his resolve of wearing this peculiar costume. We cannot

doubt that the Merry Monarch lost his wager, since the fashion does not appear to have been more than one of two years' duration, its ruin, in all probability, having been accomplished by the insolence of the French king, Lewis XIV., and his courtiers, who, to manifest the contempt that they entertained for "his Majesty of England," clothed all their servants and retainers in the very costume which his capricious fancy had devised. But though the fashion was abandoned its influence was considerable. In the vest probably was contained the germ of the long square-cut coat by which it was succeeded, and in the tunic most likely was contained the germ of the waistcoat, almost as long, which was worn under the coat, and almost entirely concealed the breeches. The sleeves of the coat extended no further than the elbows, where they were turned back and formed large cuffs, those of the shirt bulging forth from beneath, ruffled at the wrists and adorned profusely with ribbons. Both coat and waistcoat were, of course, adorned with buttons and button-holes from the collar downwards to the knee. The Restoration era, being essentially the age of "the dangling knee fringe and the bib cravat," it was only natural that the stiff band and the falling collar, which had been worn under the tyranny of Puritan ascendancy, should have given place to neckcloths or cravats of Brussels or Flanders lace tied with ribbons beneath the chin, and with the ends hanging down square. In this age of Puritan sobriety in dress, it is difficult to comprehend the mania which seized the breasts of fine gentlemen of the Caroline age for lace. We find Pepys in 1662 putting on his "new lace band," and recording in his "Diary" his complete satisfaction with his appearance in it. "So neat it is," wrote he, "that I am resolved my great expenses shall be lace bands, and it will set off anything else the more!"* Charles II., in the last year of his reign, actually expended £20 12s. for a new cravat to be "worn on the birthday of his dear brother;" and James II. expended almost as much as £30 upon a cravat of Venice point lace in which to appear on the anniversary of the birthday of his consort, King William III., notwithstanding his iron, phlegmatic constitution, entertained a genuine Dutch taste for lace, so much so, indeed, that his bills for that article in 1695 amounted to the modest sum of £2,459 19s., a fad which would have

served admirably to point the moral of the political reformer or to adorn the tale of the mob demagogue, had such people then existed. Among the more astounding items of this bill appears the following: "117 yards of 'scissæ temæ,' cut work for trimming 12 pocket handkerchiefs, £485 14s. 3d. And 78 yards for 24 cravats at £8 10s., £663." The expenditure for six new lace razor cloths amounted to £270, and on twenty-four new *indusiis nocturnis*, in plain English, night-shirts, the sum of £499 10s. was bestowed. King William's consort, the handsome Mary of Modena, approached, but did not quite reach her husband, in lace expenditure, seeing that in 1694 her lace bill attained the respectable total of £1,918. It will not surprise any one to learn that lace had one of its sunniest epochs in the eyes of all from the Restoration to the Revolution. From the king to the plebeian all retained a deep-seated affection for it. These were the days when all young military men wore lace, and prepared their cravats with far greater pains than the three Graces of classical antiquity ever bestowed upon the goddess Venus. Even the volunteers deemed it incumbent upon them to go to the camp wearing a quantity of lace, and very happily did the dramatist Thomas Shadwell satirize the folly in his comedy of "The Volunteers or the Stock Jobbers," as the following dialogue will serve to illustrate: "*Major General Blunt.*—What say'st, young fellow? points and laces for camps? *Sir Nicholas Danby.*—Yes, points and laces. Why, I carry two laundresses on purpose. Would you have a gentleman go undress'd in a camp? Do you think I would see a camp if there were no dressing? Why, I have two campaign suits, one trimmed with Flanders lace and the other with net point."*

Our readers would be very greatly mistaken were they to conclude that female attire under the Restoration was any the less sumptuous, any the less gaudy, or any the less costly than that which was ordinarily worn by the opposite sex. The very reverse was the case. A great change was effected during the reign of Charles II. in the female costume of England, but it was one that was confined almost exclusively to that which was worn by the upper classes of society. As before, the middle and lower classes, the wives of the citizens, and those who would have been denominated countrywomen, adhered tenaciously to the wearing of high-

* Diary, i., p. 171.

* Shadwell's Works, ed. 1730.

crowned hats, of French hoods, of laced stomachers, and of yellow starched neckerchiefs. Very little traces of innovation were apparent before the Revolution; and then only such as were of minor importance. Where the mutations of women's attire were most visible while Charles occupied the throne, was in that of the beauties who thronged the halls of his palace at Whitehall. No unpleasant reminders of the heyday of Puritanical austerity were suffered to intrude themselves within the walls of that princely abode. No external insignia of saintly profession, of real godliness, of high degrees of spiritual advancement, could there dare to lift up their heads. Nothing in the matter of attire was countenanced at court or in polite society that was not untainted with Puritanism. We see this reflected in a remarkable degree in the contemporary literature, particularly the veracious diaries of Pepys and Evelyn, who appear to have paid special attention to the costume worn by those with whom they were thrown into contact. Symptoms of the coming change began openly to manifest themselves six years before the downfall of the Commonwealth. "I now observed," wrote Evelyn in his "Diary," under date of May 11, 1654, "how the women began to paint themselves, formerly a most ignominious thing." In 1660 Pepys mentions that he saw the Princess Henrietta (sister of Charles II.) "with her hair frizzed up to her ears;" and almost coeval with the revival of this fashion was the introduction by ladies of the practice of wearing black patches, since Mrs. Pepys was able to wear one "by permission," on November 4, 1660. It would seem as if it was by the ladies that perukes were first worn, seeing that under date of March 24, 1662, Pepys records that "By and by came La Belle Pierce to see my wife and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair as the fashion now is for ladies to wear, which are pretty, and one of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them."* In the month of April following we find Pepys mentioning "petticoats of sarcenet with a broad black lace printed round the bottom and before," as having newly come into fashion, and as being one that had found favor in the eyes of his spouse. On May 30 in the same year, the English court was electrified by the sight of the monstrous fardingales or *guard infantas* of the newly arrived Queen Catherine of

Braganza and her ladies, the Portuguese not having yet laid aside those curious offsprings of fashionable taste. Evelyn does not forget to mention and describe "her Majesty's foretop," as long and turned aside very strangely. Vizards, according to Pepys, came into fashion in 1663, the journalist purchasing one for his wife in that year. So great was Pepys's sense of the importance of fine clothes, that it led him to take note of those which were worn not only by himself, but by almost every well-dressed person with whom he came into contact, particularly the ladies. Thus, for instance, he gives a very graphic description, under the date of July 13, 1663, of the personal appearance of the queen and some of the court ladies while riding in Hyde Park. "By and by," he writes, "the king and the queen, who looked in this dress (a white-laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la negligence*) mighty pretty, and the king rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine who rode amongst the rest of the ladies; she looked mighty out of humor, and had a yellow plume in her hat (which all took notice of), and yet it is very handsome. . . . I followed them up into Whitehall and into the queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads and laughing. . . . But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in her dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life."* Pepys also mentions that silver-laced gowns were a revived fashion in 1664, and speaks of yellow bird's-eye hoods as being in vogue, under the date of May 10, 1665. From another passage in Pepys's "Diary" we gather that the ladies' riding-habits resembled very closely those of the dandies. "Walking in the galleries at Whitehall," writes Pepys, under date of June 11, 1666, "I find the ladies of honor dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like men, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and with hats. So that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever, which was an odd sight and a sight that did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus."

* Pepys's Diary, ed. Lord Braybrooke, 1848, i., p. 337.

* Diary, ii., p. 194.

Evelyn, moreover, mentions, under the date of September 13, 1666, that "the queen was now in her cavalier riding-habit, hat, and feather, and horseman's coat, going to take the air." Three years later, the sac or sacque had won its way into womanly favor. "My wife this day," writes Pepys, under date of March 2, 1669, "put on first her French gown, called a sac, which becomes her very well."

It would extend this article beyond all reasonable limits were we to dilate further upon the tempting theme of English attire under the Restoration. We trust, therefore, that we have said enough concerning it to enable the reader to form an idea of its forms and fashion, and we now hasten on to consider that subject with which our remarks are more immediately connected, the life of the capital under the sway of "The Merry Monarch."

The man of fashion and pleasure in the reign of Charles II. monopolized everybody's attention, and it is therefore of the man of fashion and pleasure that we wish first to speak. The daily routine of his life from the time he rose until the time he retired to rest again, embraced, as in a microcosm, all the amusements and all the resources of the London of the second half of the seventeenth century. He who follows his footsteps through the day may behold the sights of the town, may observe the manners and customs of the people, and may even be admitted to their familiar conversation. The history of an ordinary day of a Restoration beau was something like this: From about ten till twelve he received visitors in his sleeping-chamber, where he lay in state with his periwig thickly powdered lying beside him on the coverlet. Near at hand, on his dressing-table, the curious visitor might have noticed some little volumes of amatory verse, a canister of Lisbon or Spanish snuff, a smelling-bottle, and perhaps a few fashionable trinkets. As soon as he deemed proper, the beau arose, and with incredible difficulty proceeded to put on all his charms. To perfume his garments—to soak his hands in washes for the sake of producing whiteness and delicacy—to tinge his cheeks with carminative in order to give them that gentle blush which nature had denied them—to arrange a number of patches upon his face so as to produce the effect of moles and dimples—to dip his pocket-handkerchief in rose water and to powder his linen so as to banish from it the smell of soap—to consume a quarter of an hour in the at-

tempt to fasten his cravat, as long again in the endeavor to adjust his wig and to "cock" his hat, as long again in the contemplation of his charms in the looking-glass, and as long again in the practice of such smiles as would display to the best advantage the ivory whiteness of his teeth—these were the processes through which he who desired to figure as a beau of the first magnitude was compelled in that age to pass. The character of the beau, so far as his outward and personal appearance was concerned, was now complete; and as in those days fashionable gentlemen used their legs to a much less extent than they do now, our imaginary beau would have directed his valet to order a sedan chair without delay. Into this he stepped, and was borne to the most fashionable haunt—to the Mall in St. James's Park, or perhaps to the more ceremonious parade in Hyde Park, where, like a butterfly, he delighted to flutter in the train of some frail and jilting beauty, who gloried in nothing so much as "an equipage of fools," and who was perfectly willing for the nonce to furnish him with an excuse for toasting her in a tavern at night. Anon he might have been found twittering in the boudoir of some favorite nymph (the amusing part of it was that in that age every woman was a nymph, both on canvas and upon paper, decked out in pastoral embellishments of every conceivable incongruity in the matter of poetical treatment!) and there the rest of the morning was generally dawdled away or worn out, just as it suited the humor of the company, with cards, forfeits, games at toys, or puzzles, or with songs and dancing to the harp, virginal, and all kinds of music. We ought to remember that during the whole of this time the gardens and other places of public resort in which the capital abounded were alive and astir with people of every rank and every condition—that the Paradise in Hatton Garden was attracting hundreds of people to gaze upon its wonders and curiosities in geology—and that the wives and daughters of the citizens, arrayed in silk and satin raiment, displaying all the colors of the rainbow, were crowding the walks of Gray's Inn, ostensibly for the purpose of inhaling the odorous breezes that blew from the distant hills of Highgate and Hampstead, but really to take a sly glance at the men of law who, in the brief intervals afforded them by their professional duties, walked out in order to obtain a breath of fresh air. To the wearisome relaxations of the promenade and the

boudoir succeeded the dinner time. Public notification of this was given by the universal rush, so soon as the clocks and time-pieces indicated the hour of noon, to such fashionable coffee-houses and ordinaries as Locket's, Man's, and Chatte-lin's—particularly the latter, which was the house to which the Lord Keeper North (when he tenanted chambers in the Court Temple before he was advanced to the dignity of solicitor-general) was accustomed in that age to repair with his friends to partake of a cotelette and salad over a bottle of the choicest wine that the establishment afforded. For the space of two whole hours, that is to say, from twelve o'clock till two, the coffee-houses and taverns bore the closest resemblance of any places to Pandemonium. The babel of voices, the clatter of plates and dishes, the hurrying to and fro of waiters, continued without cessation. The bold criticism and the loud boasting continued just as much as in the days of good Queen Bess, only with less of coarseness and a deeper tinge of French licentiousness. With great animation the topics of the day were discussed; and that as openly as possible. Nothing was covered that was not revealed, nothing was hid that was not made known. What was heard in darkness was spoken in light, and that which was heard in the ear was proclaimed upon the house-tops. The latest scandals from Whitehall Palace—the newest faces in the coffee-houses, the moving accidents of the preceding evening, the smashing of windows and the breaking of tavern drawers' heads, the hair-breadth escapes from the watchmen, and such like—the plays, the playwrights, and the authors—the newest fashions in periwigs—these were some out of the many perishable topics upon which fashionable gentlemen of that age were wont to exchange their ideas. And after the tavern and coffee-house had been duly visited, what was the next place of resort? The playhouse, to be sure. London then contained more theatres than one, and the task became one only of selection. There were the "King's," the "Duke's," and the "Lincoln's Inn." Here the latest comedy from the prolific pen of Davenant might be witnessed; there the last from the equally prolific pen of Killigrew. It mattered little which theatre was selected, since it is hardly necessary to say that playgoers of that generation did not frequent theatres for the purpose of attending to the performance. To a fine gentleman the very idea of such a thing would have been revolting.

To see and to be seen—to renew the gallantries of the morning hours and to lay the trains for fresh adventures—to be stormed to secret satisfaction, despite the pretence of resentment, by the orange girls—to interchange familiar recognitions with the wearers of vizard masks in the gallery—to interrupt the performance now and again by loud observations calculated to display critical sagacity—and finally to penetrate into the side boxes, there to find themselves tossing in a sea of heart-breakers that afforded ample enjoyment for their dear wit and gay rhetoric so long as the performance continued—these were some of the inducements for men of fashion in that age to visit the London play-houses. Nor were the resources of a man of fashion altogether exhausted when the theatre doors had closed. Far from it. He might repair to Hyde Park for a drive in the open air. He might wend his steps to the Mulberry Gardens to eat tarts or to sip syllabubs in their cool and shady arbors. He might proceed citywards for the purpose of keeping an assignation in an India shop, or at the new Exchange. Nor when still evening came on, and had clad all things in her sober livery, did the day of a fashionable beau conclude. Another round of visits, another discussion of scandal, another card-party, another entertainment of conjuring, another game of romps, and then the evening would be finished. But the day was not yet done, seeing that after participating in these amusements the beaux either wended their steps in the direction of the court, or to one of the taverns, there to stay till midnight, passing the hours away with revels suited to their whims and fancies, with cards, dice, dancing, or bottles of champagne and Burgundy, the potent effects of which soon laid them at full length beneath the table.

We suspect that some of our hypercritical readers, after perusing the foregoing sketch, will feel inclined to dissent from it, on the ground of its imperfection. In that opinion, none but ourselves would more heartily concur. Most assuredly it is imperfect; it is a fact that we most readily admit; nevertheless, we feel constrained to submit that it represents faithfully, so far as it goes, the way in which the precious light-winged hours of time were passed by the fashionable dandies of London in that age, and it is no exaggeration to add, by fashionable ladies of London of that age also. Moreover, with certain limitations and with certain exceptions, it indi-

cates with a fair amount of correctness the mode of life which those who are included under the category of the middle classes of society were wont to lead. Change the scene of the action, substitute one locality for another, the Mall in Hyde Park for Marrowbone Gardens, St. James's for Spring Gardens or the Folly, and the life in such was only in a few respects dissimilar. Is it to be supposed that the people were not influenced by the example of the court? Is it to be supposed that they were less addicted to the pursuit of pleasure than those who socially were their superiors? Certainly not. The Puritan party had been crushed, and crushed effectually, and boundless was the national exultation at the event. Men, in the times of Puritan ascendancy, had hardly dared to call their souls their own. He who had ventured openly to sigh for the fleshpots of the Caroline age, he who had ventured to recall the fragrant memories of the past, who had frequented Spring Gardens when in town and had indulged in hawking when in the country, soon found himself branded by "the righteous overmuch" as a malignant, as a heretic, or as a knave. To all this the Restoration effectually put an end. The people breathed freely once again. Nor can we be surprised that when they did breathe freely they should have acted freely, and should have rushed into the wildest excesses.

Of all the many stains on national manners and morals for which the Restoration must be held responsible, that of gaming was certainly one of the deepest. During the whole of the second half of the seventeenth century, gaming under one form or another constituted the ordinary amusement of both sexes in the highest society of England. A residence abroad so prolonged as that of Charles II. had been, had initiated him into all the mysteries of the gamester's craft, and his followers were by no means slow in following his example. The consequence was, that when they returned to England in 1660, they returned proficient in all the wisdom of the Continental gamblers, and lost no time in communicating their knowledge to almost every one into whose company they were thrown. Forthwith Whitehall Palace became in everything but name a gambling hell. The same courtier who but a few short months before might fairly have been regarded as living in the odor of sanctity, who would have pretended to have been horror-stricken at the bare mention of cards or dice, now threw himself with heart and soul into the vortex, as if

anxious at all hazards to make amends for his former abstinence. From the saloons of Whitehall to the booths of Moorfields or Smithfield the gambling mania raged. Many a man of fashion literally passed the whole of his life at play for the highest stakes that any one could be found to play with him, doing nothing else but gaming from the time he left his bed until the time he stepped into it again. The life of many another man was a continual alternation between poverty and wealth, winning one day, and losing the next. At the court the extent to which card-playing and dicing were carried on gave great offence to the few whom the all-prevailing mania had not affected. Thus, for example, John Evelyn entered in his "Diary," under date of January 6, 1662, a scene which he beheld with his own eyes, and which, it may be concluded, filled him with deep concern. "This evening," he wrote, "according to custom, his Majesty opened the revels of the night by throwing dice himself in the privy chamber, where was a table set on purpose, and lost his £100. (The year before he won £1,500.) The ladies also played very deep. I came away when the Duke of Ormond had won about £1,000; and left them still at passage, cards, etc. At other tables both there and at the groom-porters, observing the wicked folly and monstrous excess of passion among some losers; sorry am I that such a wretched custom as play to that excess should be countenanced in a court which ought to be an example of virtue to the rest of the kingdom.* Nor was the amazement of that other veracious chronicler of contemporary fashionable folly less great than that of Evelyn. "This evening," wrote he in his "Diary," under date of February 17, 1667, "going to the queen's side (in the palace at Whitehall) to see the ladies, I did find the Queene, the Duchesse of York, and another or two, at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but, contrarily, flatly denied the same a little time since to my cosen Roger Pepys."† Much as Pepys had seen and heard of court life under the sway of his royal master, this came upon him as a revelation. The truth was that all the members of the royal family preferred the fashionable games at cards on the seventh day to the society and conversation of court chaplains and divines emi-

* Diary, ed. Braybrooke, 1850, i., p. 359.

† Ibid. iii., pp. 406-10.

nent for their talents or for their oratorical powers. Moreover, the Princess Mary, after she had been united in the bonds of wedlock to the Prince of Orange, introduced the practice into Holland, and in so doing scandalized in no small degree a people whose ecclesiastical polity and practice had been founded on the gloomy system of John Calvin, the great French teacher of Geneva.*

We may with great reason conclude that the predilection which women displayed in the Caroline age for gambling must have been very great indeed when it was rebuked publicly on the stage in the prologues and epilogues to plays, the sole portions of dramatic compositions in which playwrights endeavored to correct that which was amiss in the public morality. Most of our readers who possess any acquaintance with the dramatic writings of the George Sand of the Restoration, Mrs. Afra Behn—a lady, who through her marriage with a Dutch merchant of the city of London, gained an entrance to the court of Charles II., whom she was wont to amuse with her witty sallies and eloquent descriptions—will bear us out when we say that it is impossible, from what is known of her career, to admit her claim to be considered as a censor of fashionable manners and morals. Yet in the prologue to her tragedy of "The Moor's Revenge," Mrs. Behn bids the young ladies of the period to beware of keeping unreasonable hours at gambling if they desired to preserve their complexions:—

Yet sitting up so late, as I am told.
You'll lose in beauty what you gain in gold.

The celebrated dramatist, Sir George Etherege, again, whose life scandalized many even in that age, and whose affection for the fair sex knew scarcely any bounds, was equally angry with the ladies for the decided partiality which they manifested for cards and dice. In a song of his on the game called basset, he remonstrated with them on the subject, saying, among other things:—

The time which should be kindly lent
To plays and witty men,
In waiting for a knave is spent,
Or wishing for a ten.

Stand in defence of your own charms,
Throw down this favorite
That threatens, with his dazzling arms,
Your beauty and your wit.

* See in proof of this assertion the Diary of Dr. Edward Lake, published by the Camden Society.

What pity 'tis, those conquering eyes,
Which all the world subdue,
Should, while the lover gazing, dies,
Be only on Alpué.

To render certain allusions in the foregoing verses comprehensible to some of our readers, we must explain that in the game known as basset, which is now seldom or never played, "waiting for a knave," or "wishing for a ten," implied the anxiety which was attendant upon the turning-up of the winning cards, and that the last word of this last line of the third verse, "alpué," was a term which was applied to the continuation of a bet on a particular card which had previously won. Inability to gamble and to play cards constituted an insuperable hindrance to introduction into polite society. "Gaming," wrote the author of a treatise on the games played "at court and in the assemblies," written, as the title-page sets forth, for the use of the young princesses to whom it was dedicated, "is become so much the fashion among the *beau monde* that he who in company should appear ignorant of the games in vogue would be reckoned low-bred and hardly fit for conversation." These words occur in a publication bearing the suggestive title of "The Compleat Gamester; or, Full and Easy Instructions for Playing the Games now in Vogue, &c. By Richard Seymour, Esq." This treatise was originally published in the year 1674, and subsequently passed through several editions, each of which was enlarged by the introduction of ample descriptions of later games, such as ombre, picquet, and chess. Roger North, in that instructive and entertaining sketch which he has left on record of the life of his brother Francis, Lord Guilford, is careful to mention that he attained considerable proficiency in all games of cards, dice, and billiards,* presumably in order to remove any misapprehension in the mind of the reader that he took no interest in the most fashionable forms of amusement in that age.

About eight years after the Restoration the gambling mania for a time gave place to one for masquerading. The rage, of course, began in the court, but soon infected the whole town. "At this time," says Bishop Burnet, under date of 1668, "the court fell into much extravagance in masquerading; both the king and queen and all the court went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with a good deal of wild frolic. In

* North's Life of Lord Guilford, i., p. 17.

all this, people were so disguised, that without being in the secret none could distinguish them. They were carried about in hackney chairs. Once the queen's chairmen, not knowing who she was, went from her. So she was alone, and was much disturbed, and came to Whitehall in a hackney coach. Some say in a cart.* It has been remarked, and we think with much truth, that whenever masquerades in public or private constitute a popular amusement with the pleasure-loving public, including both the court and the aristocracy, it is a very bad sign of national morals.

The midnight orgy and the mazy dance,
The smile of beauty and the flush of wine,
For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords
combine;
Each to his humor — Comus all allows.

Here for the present we must conclude. Certain periods of history are often surrounded with a halo of glory. Dazzling associations cluster round names. It is distance which lends enchantment to the view. Living witnesses who have known both the past and the present generations, will, by a law of human nature, always award the palm of superiority to the companions of their youth. Yet, unless we greatly deceive ourselves, it will require very strong arguments to convince thoughtful persons that the social powers of any class of English society have fallen off, while morality, taste, knowledge, general freedom of intercourse and liberality of opinion have been steadily advancing; that the comparison between the manners and morals of the seventeenth century and our own is not highly satisfactory; that intellectual tastes have not superseded the necessity which was then felt by the upper class of resorting to coarse indulgences and strong excitements; or that respect for public opinion does not compel those among them who continue unregenerate to conceal their transgressions from the eyes of the world.

WILLIAM CONNOR SYDNEY.

* Burnet's History of My Own Times, i., p. 368.

From Temple Bar.

SIMPSON WILLOUGHBY'S GROOM.

It was a chill September morning, not very light yet, and a thin haze clung over the face of all things. Mr. Simpson Willoughby had just finished stabling his

horse after returning from a card-party. The ride had not been long enough to act as a tonic, and he was still heavy with whiskey and want of sleep as he went stumbling along through the stack-yard.

Suddenly, with all the speed of a military projectile, a black figure shot down the slope of a small stack, and fetched up sharp just at his feet. The face, the clothes, the hands of this apparition were all black, and its smile, meant to be pleasant, showed like a ghastly grin through the mist.

"Oh, the devil!" cried Simpson Willoughby, in a tipsy fright, and proceeded to bolt for the house.

"Hi, mister, hi!" shouted the putative devil.

The sound of a human, unmistakably human, voice restored Willoughby to himself.

"What are you doing here?" he thundered, as he strode to the black shape. "Who are you? Why do you stand grinning there? Don't you know I could have you up before the magistrates for this?"

"Not much good, sir. Nothing to get out of me, sir. I'm only a poor sweep as took the liberty of sleeping in your straw."

"Sweep be damned! Clear off the premises at once."

Then Mr. Willoughby strode off again. But he had a tender heart, and something in the man's face and attitude had touched it.

"Hi, you sweep!" he suddenly shouted, turning round.

"Yes, sir," with a touch of the hand to the cap.

"Where are you going to get your breakfast?"

"Don't know, sir."

"And probably don't know if you will get a breakfast at all?"

"No, sir."

"Come with me."

Mr. Willoughby led the way to the kitchen door; his housekeeper was up and moving about.

"Here, Mrs. Clack, I've brought you a sweep; you said yesterday the chimneys wanted sweeping. Give him a good breakfast — beef and beer — then set him to work."

"Thank ye, sir," said the sweep; then, to Mrs. Clack, with a very humble intonation: "Fine morning, missis."

Mr. Willoughby went to his bedroom, kicked off his boots, and drawing a rug over his limbs, lay down on the bed and slept. He was a tall, broad man, with a dark face still retaining some traces of

early good looks. His youth he had spent in London, none exactly knew how; some said as an artist, others said as a novelist; all agreed he had consumed his substance in riotous living. When his father died, and he came to settle at Holt Hill, he came with a bad reputation. As he was forty, and did not marry, the bad reputation rapidly grew worse. He had some faults, it is true; he played cards freely, drank heavily, and then he had a mysterious past. The clergy and all respectable married people held aloof from him; the young ladies admired him and trembled; the young men said he was much maligned.

When he woke the sun was high in the heavens. He rose at once, had a cold tub, and then a good breakfast. "Now for the sweep," said he. He found him at work in the dining-room.

"Well, Mr. Sweep, how are you getting on?"

"Tom Sampler's my name, sir. Getting on very nicely, thank you, sir."

"Are those all the tools you have?" — pointing a contemptuous foot at a brush and a few rods lying about.

"Yes, sir."

"But they won't go to the top, surely?"

"Yes, sir, they will."

"How?"

"I shall go up the chimney after them."

"But you might stick."

"No fear, sir, in a good old-fashioned chimney like this. Besides, if I did, what matter, sir? It's all in a day's work."

Mr. Willoughby turned away. The soft spot in his heart was touched again.

He went out and strolled round the place, in the garden, the fold-yard, the stables. Then it occurred to him that he wanted a groom, a groom who would not object to do a little work in the garden, to sit up for him at nights, to act occasionally as a valet, and in other capacities. He returned to the sweep, and found him in one of the bedrooms hard at work, and singing softly to himself.

"Here, Mr. Sweep."

"Tom Sampler, sir."

"Well, then, Tom Sampler! Would you like to settle down?"

"How, sir?"

"Take a situation, I mean."

"As what?"

"As my groom and man-of-all-work. Do you know anything about horses?"

"Yes, sir; I was bred for a jockey."

"Good."

"But I had to give it up, sir. Couldn't train down quickly enough. A very bad job for me, sir."

"Very; but stick to the point. Do you feel inclined to settle down here in my service?"

"If you'll have me, sir."

"I suppose you can't bring any testimonials to character?"

"Afraid not, sir. Don't know any respectable people. I'm only a travelling sweep, here to-day, gone to-morrow. Take me a month on trial, sir."

"Very good; a month's trial. Consider yourself engaged, fifteen shillings a week, with keep. Will that do?"

"Yes, sir, thank ye."

"And now go on with the chimneys, only no more climbing, mind you. I'll go and arrange with Mrs. Clack."

And so Tom Sampler settled down. He had been a jockey, and then a vagrant sweep; his antecedents were not reassuring; but clean clothes, regular diet, and regular employment reformed him, and perhaps the feeling that he was trusted helped him more than anything. Willoughby took a strong fancy to him, and let him into his confidence in a small way. Tom adored his master. When Willoughby went out shooting, Tom carried the game; when he went out to card-parties, Tom drove him there and back; when Tom was running the machine over the grass, Willoughby would sit near on a garden-seat and chat. At night, when Tom knocked at the door of the smoking-room, and entered to report his day's work and receive instructions for the morrow, Willoughby would sometimes ask him to sit down. If the weather was cold, he would pour him out a glass of whiskey, but he could never persuade him to take a second.

"Come, Tom, you might as well have another — it's a sharp night."

"No, thank ye, sir."

"Why not? You must have drunk heavily in your time — eh?"

"I have sir, but never again."

"How's that?"

"Bad example, sir, to others."

In this way the worthy fellow strove to lead his master in the right direction, not without some result.

"You have been here a year now, Tom," said Willoughby one day. "Haven't you found a pretty girl to marry yet?"

"No, sir. I don't intend marrying a present."

"Not at present — eh? When, then?"

"When you do, sir."

Willoughby laughed aloud; but from that day he understood Tom perfectly.

"He wishes to reform me," he would

sometimes say to himself; "and perhaps he may. Who knows?"

"I shall want the brown mare up to-morrow," said Willoughby to Tom one night in the smoking-room; "I'm going to Mr. Ferguson's. We'll have the dog-cart, and you shall drive me, as my ankle is still weak." He had sprained it about a month before.

"None of them carding-parties, I hope, sir," said Tom.

"Shut the door and sit down."

Tom obeyed.

"Look here, Tom, you forget yourself. What is it to you whether I play cards or not?"

"I'm sorry to offend, sir. You've been very kind to me, but I can't help speaking out, and I don't like to see you wasting your money. You know, sir, you *have* told me as how you lose sometimes."

"But I win sometimes."

Tom looked at the floor and said nothing. There was a long pause. Willoughby puffed hard at his pipe; suddenly he broke out with:—

"Do you know what mortgages are, Tom?"

"Yes, sir; we call 'em monkeys."

"Well, Tom, there are a good many monkeys on my farm, and the owners of the monkeys—that is, the mortgages—will want their interest in a month's time. If they don't get it they will sell me up. I have *not* the money. Now, do you understand why I am going to play cards to-morrow?"

Tom looked at his master sympathetically, but did not speak.

"It's not all my fault," he went on. "I had the money in the bank at the beginning of the year; but a relative borrowed £500 to set up in business, and—and—"

But you understand?"

"You mean you won't see the color of that money again, sir?"

"Exactly so."

"I'm right down sorry to hear it, sir. But is there no way except this card-playing? Couldn't you put off them monkey-gees for a year? Couldn't you tell 'em you were going to work hard, and save, and pull things round? Knock off my wage, sir; I don't want it. And put me on to some harder work; I could do as much again as I do."

Tom rose to his feet somewhat excitedly, pulling his waistcoat down and stiffening his back, as though to show off his physical capacity for additional toils.

"Rubbish, Tom! Sit down. Kindly meant, but rubbish. I shall play to-mor-

row night; if I lose, I shall stop before much damage is done; if I win, I shall follow my luck. There, my friend, let that quieten your fears. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir. But promise me one thing: if you are lucky, you'll never play for money again."

"I promise."

"Then may you be lucky, sir, for this once. Good-night, sir." And Tom disappeared.

"The beginning of the reform," thought Willoughby. "I wonder if he'll make me sign the pledge next."

It was late in the afternoon when Tom drove the dog-cart up to the front door.

"Put a little corn in," shouted Willoughby from his bedroom window, "and a basket. I shall want you to fetch Lightning up for me in the Bent Garth."

Lightning was a horse with a good deal of blood in him, very dear to Willoughby, and often entered for steeple-chases at the minor race-meetings.

In a few minutes they drove away. Arrived at the Bent Garth, Tom got down with his basket of corn, and Willoughby sat waiting in the trap on the highroad.

The Bent Garth was, as its name implied, a bent field, shaped like the letter L. The horse was not to be seen; it was no doubt round the bend. Thither Tom marched through the grass; he had hardly got round the corner, and out of his master's sight, when he came on two men lying on the ground—two men, one a big, hulking fellow with a dark, unshaven face, the other a nondescript of middle height and no particular color. Tom recognized them both—old acquaintances of his vagrant days, and a brace of thorough-going rascals.

"Hullo!" cried Tom.

"Bless me," said the big fellow, "if it ain't old Sweepy, looking quite respectable too! Got a good job on, old pal?"

"Yes; I've turned groom."

"Lor' now, to think of that! Old Sweepy turned groom! And looks quite reformed, don't he? Well, it *is* pleasant meeting old friends when they're getting up in the world. And where are you hanging out now?"

"At that big house this side of the village."

"Mr. Willoughby's! I know him; fond of his glass, and don't mind tipping a poor feller a shilling when he's on a bit. He's a gentleman, he is! What are you going to do now with that basket?"

"Fetch up that horse for Mr. Willoughby to look at."

"Ta-ta, then, for the present. We shall be at the village inn to-night. Perhaps you'll drop in and stand us a glass for old times, Sweepy, won't yer?"

"No, I can't. I'm just off with Mr. Willoughby, and shan't be home till late."

"Going out for the hevening, I suppose? Got yer dress-suit in the conveyance, and too proud to look at old mates?"

"Shut up your foolery. We are going to Mr. Ferguson's; I'm only driving."

"Mr. Ferguson's? I've heard tell of him. A great card-playing gent. You'll have the cards out to-night, I reckon."

"Likely enough."

"And what time will you be coming 'ome, if I may ask the question?"

A cold shiver ran down Tom's back as he discerned the blackguard's thought.

"Not till daylight, I should think. Good-bye."

"Good-bye!" cried the two rascals, imitating Tom's voice, and then rolling on the grass with loud guffaws.

"Did I hear voices?" said Mr. Willoughby, when Tom had brought Lightning up to the gate.

"Yes, sir; a couple of tramps chaffing me a bit."

Willoughby did not pursue the subject. He was much more interested in Lightning, and spent a full quarter of an hour in examining and admiring him.

They drove on to Mr. Ferguson's; here master and man separated, one going to the dining-room, the other to the saddle-room. There were other grooms there beside Tom, and they made merry together; supper was provided for them in the kitchen, and unlimited beer. Tom was in great request; his stories, his songs, and his straightforward ways had long rendered him a favorite. Retiring once more to the saddle-room, the men talked and smoked. Then one by one they succumbed to sleep. At last Tom was left the only one awake; he was thinking of his master. What did this long stay mean? Was he winning, or had he yielded to the seduction of the game and lingered on though losing? In the middle of his speculations he fell into a doze.

"Hullo, Sampler, Mr. Willoughby wants his trap. It's two o'clock; they're all going."

Tom got his horse in and drove round to the front. There was his master talking excitedly among the other guests; they helped him up into the dog-cart, and then with many good-nights sped him on his way.

When they had got out of the avenue and on the highroad, Willoughby turned to Tom.

"I've done it," he said; "I've won the money, £450, here it is in my pocket, most of it in notes. No more cards, Tom, I swear."

He reached out his hand to Tom, and their fingers closed in a grip that meant more than many words, the moonlight, escaping from a cloud, fell full on Tom's face; it was radiant with happiness.

"Lord, how he must love me!" thought Willoughby.

"Do you carry a pistol, master?" said Tom.

"No. Why?"

"I don't think it safe without one, when you have all that money, sir."

"Bosh!"—and he breathed in great draughts of the fresh night air.

They were now nearing a gate. Tom gave up the reins to his master, and got down to open it; he was no sooner on the ground than he saw two figures behind the hedge. He knew them at once—the men he had met in the Bent Garth. With a swift rush he made for the gate and flung it open.

"Come on, sir! Quick!" he cried.

And then as the cart came up to him he gave a loud yell, and struck the terrified mare on her haunches. She bounded forward, swerved, and then bolted down the road.

"Drive for your life, sir," shouted Tom, "drive like hell!"

The big ruffian, of whom Willoughby just caught a glimpse, darted forward and made a grab at the foot-board of the dog-cart. He held it a second, and was then whirled away on to the grass by the roadside. He rose unhurt, and, after picking up something that had dropped from his hand, joined his fellow-ruffian. They then advanced together towards Tom, who stood leaning quietly against the gate. The big ruffian was trembling with rage; he came close up to Tom.

"Damn you," he roared, "for a blasted sneak, a hound, a cur. Take that, and that."

Tom gave one groan and fell to the ground. The big ruffian bent down to rifle his pockets.

"There ain't no time for that," said his nondescript companion; "you've done for him, and the other fellow will be back soon. Let's be off while we can."

And so they scrambled through the hedge and went away over the fields.

Willoughby had a stiff tussle with the

mare. Luckily the road was straight, and there was no danger of a spill in rounding a corner. His weak ankle, however, was much against him; but by dint of hard sawing at the mare's mouth, he broke her into a trot at length. Then he turned her round.

"Now go like the deuce," he cried.

He was soon at the gate again. He perceived a body lying in the road. Scrambling out of the cart, and coming up to the body, he saw by the light of the moon that it was Tom's.

"Tom!" he cried; but there was no answer.

He passed his hand over his breast and felt the wet blood; he knelt on the road, and raised Tom's head against his knees. The movement aroused the dying man; he opened his eyes, they looked awful in the moonlight. He was struggling to speak.

"Master," he said faintly, "have you got the notes?"

"Yes."

"Then the farm is safe — remember the promise — master."

His voice seemed to linger lovingly on the word "master." In a little while came a great sigh — the sigh of the parting spirit.

Willoughby bent down and reverently pressed a kiss on the dead man's forehead; then, raising his eyes to heaven, he saw in the east, far away in the direction of his home, the light of the breaking dawn — of the new day.

APPLETON LAITH.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THREE ESSAYETTES.

BY COVENTRY PATMORE

I.

CHRISTIANITY AND "PROGRESS."

MANY people doubt whether Christianity has done much, or even anything, for the "progress" of the human race as a race; and there is more to be said in defence of such doubt than most good people suppose. Indeed, the expression of this doubt is very widely regarded as shocking and irreligious, and as condemnatory of Christianity altogether. It is considered to be equivalent to an assertion that Christianity has hitherto proved a "failure." But some, who do not consider that Christianity has proved a failure, do, nevertheless, hold that it is open

to question whether the race, as a race, has been much affected by it, and whether the external and visible evil and good which have come of it do not pretty nearly balance one another.

As to the question of the real failure or success of Christianity, that must be settled by considering the purpose of its founder. Did he come into the world, live and die for "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," as that is commonly understood, and as it constitutes the end of civil government? Was it his main purpose, or any part of his purpose, that everybody should have plenty to eat and drink, comfortable houses, and not too much to do? If so, Communism must be allowed to have more to say for itself, on religious grounds, than most good Christians would like to admit. Did he expect or prophesy any great and general amelioration of the world, material or even moral, from his coming? If not, then it cannot be said that Christianity has failed because these and other like things have not come of it. In these days all truth is shocking; and it is to be feared that the majority of good people may feel shocked by the denial, even in his own words, that such ends had anything more than an accidental part in his purpose or expectation. He and his apostles did not prophesy that the world would get better and happier for his life, death, and teaching; but rather that it would become intolerably worse. He foretells that the world will continue to persecute such as dare to be greatly good, and that it will consider that it does God service in killing them. He tells us that the poor will be always with us, and does not hint disapproval of the institution even of slavery, though he counsels the slave to be content with his status. His mission is most clearly declared to be wholly individual and wholly unconcerned with the temporal good of the individual, except in so far as "faith hath the promise of this life also;" and moreover, and yet more "shocking" to modern sensibilities, he very clearly declared that though he lived and died to give all a chance, the number of individuals to be actually benefited by his having done so would be few; so that it was practically for these few only that he lived and died. That may be very shocking; but they are *his* words, and not mine, and those who do not like them should have a special edition of the New Testament revised for their own use, from which all disagreeable references to the many called and few chosen, the narrow way which few

find, the broad road generally taken, and the end it leads to, etc., etc., should be excised. It is not to be denied that our Lord's doctrine must be in the highest degree unpleasant to all who will consider what it really is, and who have not the courage either to reject it or adopt it in a whole-hearted manner.

But has Christianity failed in doing that which alone it professed to do? It has not, and has not professed to improve bad or even indifferently good people, who form the mass of mankind, but it does profess to do great things when it is received in "a good and honest heart," that is, in the heart—according to Hamlet's estimate—of about one in ten thousand. The question, then, of failure or success narrows itself to this: Has Christianity done great things, infinitely great things; and has it all along been doing, and is now doing, such things, for the very small proportion of mankind with which it professes to be effectually concerned? Professor Huxley says frankly, no. It emasculates and vitiates human character; and he exemplifies his position by the example of the saints of the order of St. Francis. It is well to have such a good, bold statement of opinion. Here is no shilly-shallying, and we now know that there are some persons, of strong common sense, who think that Christianity *is* a failure, as having failed to carry out its professions. Few persons who are in their right wits would choose to seek a fencing-match with Professor Huxley. They might be altogether in the right, and yet, as Sir Thomas Browne says, they might come off second best in the conflict. In any case, it is not at present my affair. It is enough for me to point out that it is conceivable that there are sciences, even "experimental" sciences, in which Professor Huxley has not yet qualified himself to be considered as an expert. Christianity professes to be such a science, a strictly experimental science, only differing, in this character, from chemistry, inasmuch as the experiments and their conditions can, in the one case, be easily fulfilled and judged by the senses which are common to all men; whereas, in the other, they are *professedly* to be fulfilled and judged of by few. Here again come in those unpleasant assertions of the founders of Christianity: "None can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." "Do my commandments and ye shall know of the doctrine," etc., etc., *i.e.*, the experiment is *professedly* to be

made only with great difficulty and self denial, and its results can only be judged by a spirit or sense which is only attainable, or which is, at least, only attained, by a few.

The conclusion is this, then, that even if Christianity—as I do not assert—has not sensibly affected "progress," or has affected it as much for the worse in some directions as for the better in others, and has not even done much individual good, in more than a very small proportion, even of those who call themselves Christians; it has only not done what it never professed to do. But has it done what it actually professed to do? That is a question of which the affirmative might be difficult of absolute and generally intelligible *proof*, but of which the negative must, I apprehend, be considered absurd, even by the great majority of those who have never dreamed of qualifying themselves to become final judges of such matters.

There are many passages in Scripture which will readily occur to every reader as being on the surface in contradiction to this limitation by our Lord's own words of the primary purpose of Christianity; but those who know how orphaned and widowed of truth even the best of us are, and how the destitution we may discover in ourselves is greater than that we know of in any others, will discern, with the earlier and deeper interpreters of the words of our Lord and his apostles, that there are two ways of reading their exhortations to help the poor, and the declaration that to visit the orphan and the widow is "pure religion and undefiled;" and they will understand that neighborly service, which is usually (but not always) an inseparable accidental duty of Christian life, is very far indeed from being of primary consequence, though the rendering or not rendering of it—where there is no knowledge of a nobler service—may seriously affect the shallow heavens and the shallow hells of the feebly good and the feebly wicked. Let not such as these exalt themselves against the great masters of the experimental science of life, one of whom—St. Theresa, if I remember rightly—declares that more good is done by one minute of reciprocal, contemplative communion of love with God than by the founding of fifty hospitals or of fifty churches. "The elect soul," says another great experimentalist, St. Francis of Sales, "is a beautiful and beloved lady, of whom God demands not the indignity of service, but desires only her society and her person."

II.

A "PESSIMIST" OUTLOOK.

DESPOTISM, which is not government, but anarchy speaking with one voice, whether it be the mandate of an irresponsible emperor or that of a multitude, is the "natural" death of all nationalities. They may die by other means, but this is the end they come to if left to themselves. When this end is reached, the corrupt body may, for a time, preserve a semblance of its old identity; but it is no longer a nation; it is merely a localization of "man's shameful swarm," in which the individual has no help from the infinitely greater and nobler vitality of which he is a living member to erect himself above himself, and to breathe the generous breath, and feel himself in all his acts a partaker of the deceased giant's superhuman vigor. The incidence of the misery is not only upon those comparatively few who may be conscious of its cause. The malaria of the universal march stupefies the brain and deadens the heart of the very ploughman who turns its sod, and he is hourly the worse for want of the healthy breeze and invigorating prospect of the ancient hills, which he himself was, perhaps, among the most eager to level. Though he knew it not, he was every day sensibly the better for being the member of a great nation.

He felt the giant's heat,
Albeit he simply called it his,
Flush in his common labor with delight,
And not a village maiden's kiss
But was for this
More sweet.
And not a sorrow but did lightlier sigh,
And for its private self less greet,
The while that other so majestic self stood by.

If he does not feel the loss of his corporate life, but is content to struggle, stink, and sting with the rest of the swarm into which the national body has been resolved by corruption, so much the worse for him. His insensibility is the perfection of his misery. To others, not so lost, there may be hope, though not in this stage of being. None who has ever lived through the final change, or who, being in the foul morass of resulting "equality," has been able to discern what national life means, can find in private fortune — wife, children, friends, money — any compensation for the great life of which his veins are empty. He knows that there is no proximate hope, no possibility of improvement in such a state of things. He knows that it is absurd to expect anything from "education" of the mass.

True education cannot exist under either kind of despotism. National life is the beginning and end of individual culture, as far as this world is concerned. The acquisition of knowledge by an unorganized or enslaved multitude, which must always be, in the main, self-seeking and unjust, is merely the acquisition of subtler and baser means for the advancement of individual covetousness and the indulgence of individual vices. Such education is but "a jewel in a swine's snout." Fools may fill the air with sentimental or hypocritical "aspirations" for the good of the community; but no community exists where no excellence has the power of exerting itself politically, and more or less in spite of the ignorance and malice of those whom it would serve. Such "aspirations" are but the iridescent colors on the stagnant pool; putrid splendors which have no existence in the chronic and salutary storm of national life.

Nor is there any hope from without. A comparatively savage people has often been impregnated with the germ of national being by the military invasion of a civilization still in the vigor of growth; but there is no instance of a civilization which has thus lapsed into anarchy having been regenerated by any such means, though its stagnated life may have been perpetuated, as in the case of China, by an external tyranny more powerful than any of the shifting forms of despotism which it develops, if left to itself, from within. Nor is there any light, even in the far future, unless for him who has a fulness of that cosmopolitan benevolence which is so often the boast of the simpleton or the political hypocrite, but, happily, so seldom the possession of the natural man. He knows that no soil has ever yet been found to bear two crops of national life, though the corruption of one has often been found, after many generations of consummated decay, to be very useful dung for the nourishment of other and far removed fields. But this consideration does not bring him within measurable distance of practical political consolation.

The frantic ambition of one bad man, and the cowardice of half-a-dozen others, who would have been honest had it not appeared too personally inconvenient, and the apathy of that large portion of the community which has been sane in judgment but insane in sloth, have brought the final evil upon us fifty or a hundred years sooner than it need have come. But come it must have done, sooner or later, since the powers of evil have invariably in

worldly matters proved too strong in the long run for those of good; and such as cannot bear this truth, but require that abiding temporal good should come of their good works, had better go into monasteries. Considering what men are, the wonder is, not that all great nationalities should have come to a shameful end, but that their ordinary duration of life should have been a thousand years. How any of them should have lasted a hundred must seem a miracle to those who fail to take into account the agency of the two guardian angels of national life, religion and war — religion which keeps alive the humility and generosity of reasonable submission to law and the spirit of self-sacrifice for corporate life, and war, which silences for a time the envy and hatred of the evil and ignorant for moral and circumstantial superiorities, and compels them to trust their established leaders, on pain of prompt annihilation.

Even our great "liberal" prophet, Mr. Herbert Spencer, is compelled, in spite of himself, to prophesy with terror of what he rightly calls "the coming slavery," the despotism, not of a single irresponsible tyrant, who must content himself with doing good or evil in so general a way that the sense of private compulsion or injury would weigh little on each individual, but the paltry and prying despotism of the vestry — the more "virtuous" the more paltry and prying — persecuting each individual by the intrusion of its myriad-handed, shifting, ignorant and irresistible tyranny into the regulation of our labor, our household, and our very virtuous, and, however "pure" in its abstract intention, necessarily corrupt in its application by its agents, since men, as a rule, are corrupt. Indications are not wanting of the sort of "government" we are committed to, unless the coming war shall leave us in the grip of a less irksome tyranny. It will be a despotism which will have to be mitigated by continual "tips," as the other kind has had to be by occasional assassination. Neither the voter nor the inspector yet know their power and opportunities; but they soon will. We shall have to "square" the district surveyor once or twice a year, lest imaginary drains became a greater terror than real typhoid; we shall have to smoke our pipes secretly and with a sense of sin, lest the moral supervisor of the parish should decline our offer of half-a-crown for holding his nose during his weekly examination of our bedrooms and closets; the good churchman will have to receive communion under the

"species" of ginger-ale — as some advanced congregations have already proposed — unless the parson can elude the churchwarden with white port, or otherwise persuade him; and, every now and then all this will be changed, and we shall have to tip our policemen and inspectors for looking over our infractions of popular moralities of a newer pattern. Our condition will very much resemble Swedenborg's hell, in which everybody is incessantly engaged in the endeavor to make everybody else virtuous; and the only compensating comforts to the same will be, that, though wine and tobacco, those natural stimulants to good impulses and fruitful meditations, may be denied him, he may find abundant time and opportunity, in the cessation of all external interests of a moral and intellectual nature, for improving his own character, which, perhaps, is, after all, the only way in which a man can be sure of improving the world's; and, furthermore, he will no longer be discomposed by the prospect of "national disaster," since there can be no national disaster where there is no nation, however freely the gutters may run with blood. Private disaster, in such an infernal millennium, will be a trifle.

Under such conditions, secret societies of discontented and hopeless minorities will abound. Dynamite will often shake the nerves of smug content, and enrage the people beyond bounds at such revolt against its infallible decrees. But none of these societies will be so hateful as the secret and inevitable aristocracy of the remnant that refuses to give interior assent to the divinity of the Brummagem Baal. Its members will acquire means of association and methods of forbidding intrusion which will infuriate the rest, who, in their turn, will invent tests for the discovery, in order to the punishment, of these "enemies of mankind," as the Dutch traders in Japan did, in inviting all persons of doubtful character to trample on the crucifix.

I have called these glances at the near future "pessimist," because that is the word now generally applied to all such forecasts as are made by those who do not ignore or pervert patent facts. "Optimists," as far as I can gather, are those who hope all things from "local option."

III.

A SPANISH NOVELETTE.

MR. GOSSE is doing useful work in editing a series of translations of remark-

able foreign novels, most of which are little known to English readers. To persons — the most of us — whose knowledge of Spanish books is confined to "Don Quixote," "Pepita Jiménez" will come as a complete and delightful surprise; and yet it not only is, as Mr. Gosse says, "the typical Spanish novel of our days," but it is typical of a great and altogether unique national literature. Though Juan Valera's personality differs from the priestly character of Calderon as far as may well be, since he is said to have made himself "conspicuous by his *bonnes fortunes*, his wild freaks at the gaming-table, his crazy escapades, his feats of horsemanship, and his powers as a toreador," the very same distinguishing vein which makes such plays as Calderon's "Life is a Dream," and "The Wonder-working Magician" the astonishment and delight of every reader who comes upon them for the first time — an astonishment and delight almost like that of the acquisition of a new sense — this very same vein sparkles through and vivifies the modern novel "Pepita Jiménez." Alike in Calderon and in this work of Juan Valera we find that complete synthesis of gravity of matter and gaiety of manner which is the glittering crown of art, and which out of Spanish literature is to be found only in Shakespeare, and even in him in a far less obvious degree. It is only in Spanish literature, with the one exception of Dante, that religion and art are discovered to be not necessarily hostile powers; and it is in Spanish literature only, and without any exception, that gaiety of life is made to appear as being not only compatible with, but the very flower of that root which in the best works of other literatures hides itself in the earth, and only sends its concealed sap through stem and leaf of human duty and desire. The reason of this great and admirable singularity seems mainly to have been the singular aspect of most of the best Spanish minds towards religion. With them, religion has been, as it was meant to be, a human passion; they have regarded dogma as the form of realizable, and, by them, realized experience; and the natural instincts of humanity as the outlines of the lineaments of the divinity — "very God and very man." Witness the writings of their greatest saints and theologians, in which dogma is, as it was, fused in, and becomes psychology, instead of remaining, as it has done with us, a rock, indeed, of refuge to many, but a rock of stumbling and offence to many more, and of these

especially such as have been endowed with the artistic temperament.

"Pepita Jiménez" is essentially a "religious novel," none the less so because it represents the failure of a good young aspirant to the priesthood to attain a degree of sanctity to which he was not called, and depicts the working in his aspirations of a pride so subtle as to be very venial, though, in some degree, disastrous. Mr. Gosse seems to me to mistake the *motif* of the novel entirely in regarding it as representing the *necessary* failure of a "divine ardor brought face to face with an earthly love." It represents nothing but the exceedingly common mistake of young and ardent minds in measuring their present capacity by their desires, and striving to take their station on the top of an alp, when they are only fit for the ascent of a very moderate hill. One of the many points in which Catholic philosophy shows itself superior to the philosophy of Protestant religionists in the knowledge of the human mind is its distinct recognition of the fact that there are as many degrees of human capacity for holiness as for any other kind of eminence, and that for most men a very moderate degree of spirituality is the utmost for which they are entitled to hope. An ardent Protestant, misinterpreting the words, "Be ye perfect as I am perfect," is apt to think that he is nothing if not a saint, whereas Juan Valera knew that to be a saint, as to be a poet, is to be about one in twenty millions, and he has made a very amusing as well as a very useful book out of the vain strivings of his hero for —

Heroic good, target for which the young
Dream in their dreams that every bow is
strung;

and the course of experience by which he
is brought to conclude

That less than highest is good, and may be
high.

That disgusting abortion, the English "religious novel," would have made the enthusiastic young deacon relapse into despair and profligacy, instead of letting him marry the pretty girl who had turned him from his supposed vocation, and caused him to live an exemplary, conscientious, and religious life as a country gentleman and farmer of his own land.

There is plenty of analysis in the English religious novel, but no psychology; and analysis which has not psychological knowledge for its material is merely the anatomy of a corpse, and fails as com-

pletely in illustrating and extending knowledge of life as the anatomy of the body has confessedly failed, from the time of Galen and Hippocrates, in explaining the vivifying powers of nature. Psychology comes naturally to the typical Spanish mind, for the reasons given above. It deals with the personal relationships of the soul with the personalities which are above the soul, from which the soul exists, and of which the soul is the express mirror; but of these personal relationships, which every religion confesses, the modern mind, out of Spain, *knows* comparatively little, though, thanks to the works of St. John of the Cross (two editions of which have lately appeared in England), and of certain other works, magnificent as literature as well as for burning psychological insight, the study of true psychology, vulgarly called "mysticism" and "transcendentalism" (what good thing is not "mystic" and "transcendental" to the modern "scientist" and his pupils?), shows signs of revival in Europe generally.

A most important consequence of the human character of Spanish faith, a character manifest alike in the religious philosophy of the times of Calderon and of those of Juan Valera, is the utter absence of the deadly Manicheism which is the source of modern "nicety" in that portion of literature and art which does not profess, like French, and, in great part, American literature and art, to have abandoned all faith and real decency. Calderon, in works which glitter with an incomparable purity, is more plain-spoken, when need be, than Shakespeare, and constantly exalts the splendor of that purity in his main theme by a by-play of inferior characters which is as gay and "coarse" as anything in "Othello" or "Romeo and Juliet;" and though Juan Valera in this novel conforms in the main to the daintiness of the fashion, there is a freedom in his story from the cant of Manichean purity which will certainly limit the number of his readers among ourselves, and probably give some scandal to the most "serious" among those — the immense majority of our countrymen and women — who do not really believe that God made all things pure, and that impurity is nothing but the abuse of that which is pure, and that such abuse is impure in proportion to the purity perverted.

In consequence of the characteristics I have endeavored to indicate, this novel, though expressly "religious" in its main theme and most of its details, is as "natural," concrete, and wholesomely human

and humanly interesting as one of Sir Walter Scott's. There is in it no sense of dislocation or incompatibility between the natural and the spiritual. From the dainty, naive, innocently coquettish, and passionate Pepita, who is enraged by her lover's pretensions to a piety which, though she is devoted to her beautifully adorned "Infant Jesus," she cannot understand, and in which she sees only an obstacle to the fulfilment of her love for him, to the saintly ecclesiastic, who, almost from the first, sees the incapacity of his pupil, Don Luis, for the celibate heights to which he aspires, but who understands life in all its grades too well to look upon his strivings and his "fall," as Don Luis at first esteems it, with other than a good-humored smile, all is upon one easy ascending plane and has an intelligible unity. Valera has taken no less care with and interest in the subordinate characters than the principals in the story. They are all true and vivid and unique in their several ways, and we have the most complete picture of a very foreign world without the slightest drawback of strangeness or want of verisimilitude.

From The Spectator.

LORD SHERBROOKE.

LORD SHERBROOKE's death recalls one of the most brilliant episodes in our Parliamentary history. He had the courage to take up the cause of Conservatism when the late Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli were preparing the way for that desertion of it which a year later they accomplished. It would have been wiser, perhaps, if Mr. Lowe had given his support to the very moderate reform which Lord Russell's government proposed, on the principle that a concession frankly given at an early date, often averts a much more dangerous concession a few months later, and also educates the people gradually for the use of larger powers. But Mr. Lowe was a believer in the principle of *obsta principiis*. He never anticipated that the true danger of revolution could proceed from the Tory party and not from the Liberals, and supposed that in contesting the field with Mr. Gladstone, he was face to face with the only dangerous foe. Circumstances proved that he was quite mistaken. Probably his insight into individual character was not nearly as keen as his insight into the meaning of democracy. But so far as the dangerous side of democracy was concerned — he never seems to have contem-

plated its better aspects — his insight was certainly very keen indeed. He was a courageous, cold, and remorseless critic of its short-sightedness and rashness. Those who heard some of his great speeches can recall even now the cold, metallic ring of those keen sarcasms on uninstructed enthusiasm which deserved more attention, though they attracted much less, than his more celebrated thrusts at the ignorance, venality, and intemperance of the class whom it was proposed to enfranchise. Mr. Lowe never showed the searching character of his rather depreciating intelligence more vividly than when he attacked, not the corruption and selfishness, but, on the contrary, the intellectual sensibilities and eager heats and ardors of the half-educated classes. "It is not the educated and reflective," he said, "who are influenced by ideas, but the half-educated and the unreflective; and if you show to the ignorant and poor and half-educated, wrong, injustice, and wickedness anywhere, their generous instincts rise within them, and nothing is easier than to get up a cry for the redress of those grievances. We feel the injustice, too; but we look not merely at the injustice itself; we look before and after at the collateral circumstances, at what must happen to trade, revenue, and our own position in the world; and we look also to what must happen to the very poor persons themselves, before we commit ourselves to a decided course. Persons who have something to lose are less anxious to lose it than they who have little at stake often, even though these last may by the loss be reduced to absolute poverty." That was the speech of a statesman who fully understood how potent is the power of ideas over minds which are quite incapable of estimating the difficulty of embodying these ideas adequately in practice. That passage indicates a far keener insight into the dangers of democracy than the celebrated denunciation of the working classes for venality, which Sir Algernon West has recently been airing on behalf of the Gladstonian cause. Indeed, the support that has been so frequently given by local English politicians to Irish Home Rule, is one of the best illustrations that could be found of the extreme danger which is caused by these rashly generous sympathies in untrained minds when they discern a fancied injustice without discerning the political peril of applying a superficial remedy.

Lord Sherbrooke was one of the greatest masters of a physical species of scorn of

whom the English Parliament has ever been able to boast. The vibration of his voice, which always reminded one of the stroke of a tongue of glass on a glassy surface, as he pushed his pungent questions as to the nature of the abstract rights for which the reformers pleaded — whether, for instance, they would not equally have justified the concession of a Parliament to the beasts, such as is described in "Reineke Fuchs" — or how far these abstract rights would go, and whether, if the fleas had but been unanimous, they would not have been in their strict right in pushing Curran out of the bed, — struck his audience as representing the *ne plus ultra* of human contempt. We call his scorn, scorn of a physical species, because he always asked, as he asked in the Education Department, for "payment by results;" and the results for which alone he was inclined to pay, were results that could be weighed and measured, and which were not to be estimated in any appreciable degree by general moral and intellectual impressions. In the same year in which he made his great speeches against Reform, he attended an annual dinner of the Association of Civil Engineers, and pronounced a great panegyric on their characteristic works and achievements, on the ground that their profession does pay by striking and indeed gigantic results, as compared with the results of almost any other profession that could be named. "The Civil Engineers," he said, "were the heirs of all the ages, and the field of their investigation was boundless." "He hoped, if ever the day arrived when the universities, rising to the true level which they should occupy, became really national establishments, the science of engineering would be admitted to at least a perfect equality with every other branch of knowledge." Civil engineers might well be proud, he insisted, of their railways and electric telegraphs, "which enabled us to exchange thoughts in spite of those petty districts into which the selfishness of mankind had divided the universe." It was something very different from the selfishness of mankind, we think, which constituted nations and the different species of national genius; but it was characteristic of Lord Sherbrooke that he thought little of the finer inward tendencies and qualities which cement nations, and much of the physical means of communication which tend to the disintegration of nations, and of the denationalizing influence of cosmopolitan intercourse. It was visible results which

impressed him, and a national genius is not visible, while a railway or a telegraph-wire is. Yet he did perhaps his best work at the Education Office; as chancellor of the exchequer he was less successful, because he gauged ill the strength of popular feeling; and as home secretary he was least successful of all, probably because his peculiarities and his imperfect appreciation of the individual characters of men rendered him unable to gauge the tendencies of public feeling, and to discern exactly how much he should say, and how far he should be reticent, in justifying the application of general principles to particular cases. In the first organization of education, it was of the highest moment to insist on results, and to show that these results could really be weighed and measured; but in the better understood and more fully developed departments conversant with taxation and justice, what was rather needed was an insight into those finer shades of public interest and public sentiment into which his own peculiarities, and his somewhat unsympathetic nature, rendered it difficult for him to penetrate. He understood the value of a physical basis better than that of an elaborate superstructure. Even in the Education Office, his rather cavalier use of the authority of the departmental chief excited an irritation which led the House of Commons to form a very unjust judgment on his official career. In all his official relations he did himself less than justice. His imperfect sight, his unsympathetic manner, and his strong disposition to let the ordinary rules take their course, without the modifications needful to adapt them to particular cases, gained him a reputation for harshness which he did not really deserve. It was the defect of his mind to attach too much importance to the most visible and memorable elements of knowledge, wealth, and legal justice. And that tendency was not in any degree checked by quick perceptions or sensitive sympathies. He used the disciplined intellect of a successful Oxford tutor to make light of intellectual discipline, and to run down moral and spiritual as compared with physical and economic achievements; and this habit gained him a much more cynical reputation than he really deserved. His statesmanship, no doubt, gave forth a materialistic ring, which was especially unpopular in a day when the recognition of the claims of "our own flesh and blood" was becoming more and more essential to political success. And his sarcastic wit drew more blood than he

ever intended to draw. But he understood some of the worst dangers of democracy as it was but too necessary that they should be understood. If he had also understood its strength, and the solidity it gives to popular institutions, he would have been the greatest of Mr. Gladstone's and Mr. Disraeli's contemporaries. But he had too much in him of the icy spirit of negation.

From The Speaker.

ROBERT LOWE.

OF all the "extinct volcanoes" to whom Mr. Disraeli once applied a stolen simile, there was none more completely extinguished by the snows of age than the man who will live in history as Robert Lowe. Of Viscount Sherbrooke the world knew little and cared less. People, indeed, were puzzled when they encountered the name in print to realize the identity of its owner. He had ceased to be a figure on the stage. The last occasion on which the present writer saw him was a couple of years ago at a garden party at Dollis Hill. Mr. Gladstone had invited his old colleague to the gathering, and there he was—a feeble, blind old man; moving about under the careful guidance of his wife; always muttering to himself; taking no note of those around him; his mind, if not absolutely vacant, filled with dreams and ancient memories. It was with a thrill of pity that one realized that this pathetic figure was all that remained of "Bob Lowe," once the terror of a party and the idol of the House of Commons. The morning papers have done justice to his great career, and have shown how the *Times* leader-writer became one of the foremost figures in the State. But they have failed to reveal the double secret of his rise and his downfall. Only those who remember the House of Commons in 1866 and 1867 can really understand how it was that Mr. Lowe gained so great a place in public life. Never in this century has Parliament listened to a series of speeches which can compare in concentrated force, in brilliancy of diction, in almost ferocious courage, with those which Mr. Lowe made in defence of the Adullamites. One sometimes wonders, when men talk of Mr. Chamberlain's gifts as a debater, whether the leader of the Brummagem party ever heard Mr. Lowe at his best, and whether, if he did, he could retain any belief in his own powers.

The Adullamites were the forerunners of the Liberal Unionists. They represented society and the classes. They were Liberals in name alone. For the most part they were dull persons, of the mental calibre of their nominal leader, the present Duke of Westminster. But they had two men of more than average capacity among them — Mr. Horsman, *the* "superior person," and Mr. Lowe. The latter they held in some contempt. The general belief of the dukes and their allies was that he had eked out a precarious livelihood in Australia by keeping a school, and that he now supported himself by writing for the press — and in those days so near and yet so far, the "newspaper man" was held in abhorrence in the House of Commons. Probably most of the Adullamites at the outset of their battle against reform would have been better pleased if Mr. Lowe had not joined them. But in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, he made himself their master and their chief. In those speeches in which he did such fierce battle against the spirit of democracy he gave splendid expression to those sentiments which lay too deep for utterance in their own dumb breasts. He found them the brains they lacked; he supplied the tongue which in their own case was paralyzed. And as they saw him striking blow after blow in defence of privilege and wrong and old-world abuses, they cheered him with frantic enthusiasm, and deluded themselves with the belief that at last one had been found to stay the advancing tide of democracy.

It was a wonderful spectacle, upon which some of us must even now look back with a thrill of emotion. Then, indeed, did the giants do battle before the eyes of the sons of men. Lowe, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright, all threw themselves into the struggle with their whole hearts. When one recalls the great debates of those days and contrasts them with the House of Commons which has just died, one seems to have fallen upon the age of the pygmies. But grand and heroic as were the mental stature and intellectual equipment of Mr. Lowe, the task to which he had committed himself was a hopeless one, and twelve months after he had heard the rafters of the House ring with the rapturous cheers of Tories and Whigs as he boldly proclaimed the unworthiness of his fellow-men to exercise the right of self-government, he had the mortification of seeing those who had then applauded him engaged in trampling down the very bulwarks of class

privilege he had defended so brilliantly. All that he had accomplished was to overthrow a ministry and to transfer the task of carrying the great Reform Bill from the hands of men who believed in it to those of men who loathed it.

But his personal success was not the less marked because he had failed as completely as Dame Partington in his battle with the in-flowing sea. When the turn of the tide came in 1868 and Mr. Gladstone found himself called to the head of the State, everybody felt that Mr. Lowe had earned a place among ministers, and so the ex-Adullamite became the Liberal chancellor of the exchequer. It was at that time (December 6th, 1868) that he wrote these touching lines:—

Success is come — the thing that men desire;

The toil of office, and the care of State.

Ambition has naught left her to acquire.

Success is come! But ah, it comes too late.

Where is the bounding pulse of other days

That would have thrilled enchantment through my frame;

The lips that would have loved to speak my praise,

The hearts that would have kindled at my name?

Oh Vanity of Vanities! For Truth

And Time dry up the source where joy was rife,

Teach us we are but shadows of our youth,

And mock us with the emptiness of Life.

When one reads these lines one realizes a side of "Bob Lowe's" character which was certainly not conspicuous in the eyes of the world. As a minister he was the hardest, most matter-of-fact, and most unsympathetic person who ever sat upon the Treasury bench. He delighted to rub people — not antagonists only, but friends and even colleagues — the wrong way. Most of us remember the blunt question he put to the deputation of country bankers, provincial notables every man of them, when they had complained that they positively could not live if some measure of his were carried into effect: "And pray, why should you live?" All Mr. Gladstone's older colleagues can recall the fight between Mr. Lowe and Mr. Baxter which led to the resignation of the latter, and which caused Mr. Lowe's removal from the chancellorship to the Home Office. A hundred stories might be told of the offence which was given to people of importance by the brusque cynicism and downright brutality of the chancellor of the exchequer. But even these char-

acteristics do not furnish the secret of Mr. Lowe's downfall. It was not merely his contempt for others, but that contempt *plus* his admiration for himself, which proved fatal to him. He delighted in his own cleverness, and he could with difficulty be induced to abandon his ill-starred match-tax because he had invented the punning "Ex luce lucellum," as the motto to be placed upon the stamps. People bore his contempt, but they could not bear his self-adulation, and so in the end he fell—fell more completely and suddenly than any other man of his time who had risen so high. In 1880 he was sent to the House of Lords and to him the Upper Chamber was no better than a tomb. A man of splendid intellectual force, of great eloquence, of gifts many and precious, but utterly lacking in that insight into character which flows from sympathy, and absolutely devoid of that spirit of reverence which is the hall-mark of the truly wise, Mr. Lowe was destined after achieving a wondrous triumph to see his inferiors pass him in the race, and to spend an old age of impotent regrets.

From Nature.

HAINAN.

THE great island of Hainan, off the south-eastern coast of China, is but little known to Europeans, although since 1877 there has been a treaty port there. Mr. Parker, the consul at Kiangchow, the port in question, lately made a short journey in the interior of the island, of which he gives some account in a recent report. He travelled about sixty miles up the Poh-Chung River, to within a mile or two of Pah-bi, which is, at most seasons of the year, considered the limit of navigation for all but the smallest craft. He walked round the walls of Ting-an city, one of the disturbed districts during the recent rebellions, on New Year's day (February 9); they are just one mile in circuit, and differ little from those of other Chinese cities. Wherever he had an opportunity of walking diametrically across lengthy curves of the river he found the inclosed area to be extremely well cultivated; though not so flat, its general appearance recalled many features of the Tonquin delta, especially in its great wealth of bamboos. The productions of the soil are much the same, the papaw, areca-palm, sweet potato, turnip, ground-nut, orange-tree, etc.; but a peculiar Hainan feature

is the cocoanut-palm. Another peculiarity of this region is the ubiquitousness of the dwarf *Pandanus*, probably the same as the *P. odoratissima* of Fiji, the fibre of which is used in the manufacture of grass-cloth, and is usually known to foreign trade here as hemp. Much of the land was under sweet potato cultivation, and every household seemed to possess a few pigs, of the very superior and stereotyped Hainan variety, black as to the upper and white as to the lower part of the body, with a dividing line of grey running along the side from the snout to the tail. These wholesome-looking pigs are fattened on the sweet potato, and do not rely for sustenance upon precarious scavenging, as is the case with the repulsive and uncleanly animals of north China. Land contiguous to the river is irrigated by enormous wheels, forty feet in diameter, of very ingenious construction, moved by the current, needing no attention, and discharging perhaps one hundred gallons of water in a minute into the trough above, day and night without intermission. He passed several large pottery establishments; but as at the New Year all business and cultivation are suspended for a few days, the opportunity was not a very good one for gathering precise information. The temperature during the week ranged between 50° and 60° F. Game seemed plentiful everywhere, and he mentions that a German resident has recently made a very fine collection of about four hundred Hainan birds, embracing one hundred and fifty-four species, which will shortly be on their way to a Berlin Museum. One of the commonest birds in the river is a spotted white and black kingfisher of large size. Amongst the trees which attracted his attention was one locally called the "great-leafed banyan," which looks remarkably like the gutta-percha tree; the natives seem to use its gum mixed with gambier, in order to make that dye "fast;" but there is some doubt whether it is not the sap of the real banyan-tree which is used for the purpose. A very strong silk is made from the grub called the "celestial silk-worm," or, locally, "paddy-insect." This grub is found on a sort of maple. When full-grown it is thrown into boiling vinegar, on which the "head" of the gut, or "silk," appears; this is sharply torn out with both hands drawn apart, and is as long as the space between them, say five feet; it is so strong that one single thread of it is sufficient to make a line with which to catch the smaller kinds of fish.